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Leo G. Harper

THE

GOLDEN CENSER:

A MUSICAL OFFERING

TO

THE SABBATH SCHOOLS,

OF

CHILDREN'S HOSANNAS TO THE SON OF DAVID.

"And when the Chief Priests and Scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID, they were sore displeased, and said unto Him, 'Hearest thou what these say?' And he said unto them, 'Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?'"

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN CHAIN," "GOLDEN SHOWER," "ORIOLA," "JUBILEE," "KEY-NOTE," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

A great Improvement has been made within a few years in the Music of our Sabbath Schools. This may be attributed in part at least to the character of the music and hymns recently introduced. No longer resorting to low Negro melodies for their devotional hymns, our Schools have turned their attention to music of a higher order; music composed expressly for and adapted to the use of Sabbath Schools. It has perhaps been as much the privilege of the author of The Golden Censer, as that of any one to contribute to this result. The hundreds of thousands of Golden Chains, Showers, and Oriolas that have winged their way all over the land, testify to the success of this enterprise; while thousands of letters from Superintendents, Teachers and Pastors received by the author of these works, bidding him "God speed," bear uniform testimony to the good that has already been accomplished through their circulation.

The writer's especial attention was called to this work upon observing, a few years since, the character of the music that was placed in the hands of Sabbath School children, and, with a determination that his best talents as a composer should be devoted to the Sabbath School cause until our Sabbath Schools should at least be in possession of melodies and hymns composed expressly for their use, that were not only pleasing and attractive, but free also from all unhallowed associations, he set himself at work.

An ardent love for the employment, and a pretty extensive acquaintance with leading Sabbath School friends throughout the country, has brought to the author's aid a host of valuable assistants—writers of some of the sweetest hymns in our language, and many of these, ladies, whose devotion to the cause has inspired their pens with heavenly ardor. These hymns are *brimful of the Gospel*, and if they do not sing themselves right into the hearts of both teachers and children, the fault must be in the music, and not in the hymn. More than the usual number of scripture themes will here be found, while the most popular and appropriate modern feature, the ever recurring "Refrain" and "Chorus," sung as children only *can* sing them, tend to fasten like "a nail in a sure place" the sentiment of the hymn. We have space only to suggest to those about adopting the Censer, the names of a few pieces as an introduction, viz.: Glory to the Lamb, page 5; My Sabbath Song, p. 6; The Sinner's Friend, 7; Sunday School Recruiting Song, 10; Jesus Paid it All, 12; We are Coming, 17; Never be Afraid, 20; The Blessed Sunday School, 30; Jesus Died for me, 36; Blessed Bible, 42; Bright Mansions, 48; The Better Part, 56; Seeking Jesus, 68; The House upon a Rock, 72; White Robes, 84; Something to do in Heaven, 80; The Little Band, 60; Always There, 9, &c., &c., &c.

We offer in the Golden Censer our sweetest incense,—the incense of children's Hosannas to their Saviour and King. May these be to Him an acceptable offering,—an offering of a sweet smelling savor.

Directions for the Movement.—Directions, partly in figures, are given to the different pieces at their beginning, as "24—two to the measure," etc., the meaning of which is, Take a string and attach a light weight to one end of it, holding the other between the thumb and finger, at a distance of *twenty-four inches* from the weight. Set the string in motion, oscillating like the pendulum of a clock. Two of these vibrations mark the time of a measure of this piece of music. The explanation being in brief thus: "String 24 inches long—two vibrations to the measure," etc., etc. The little pocket circular tape measure is very convenient for this purpose, the case serving for the weight.

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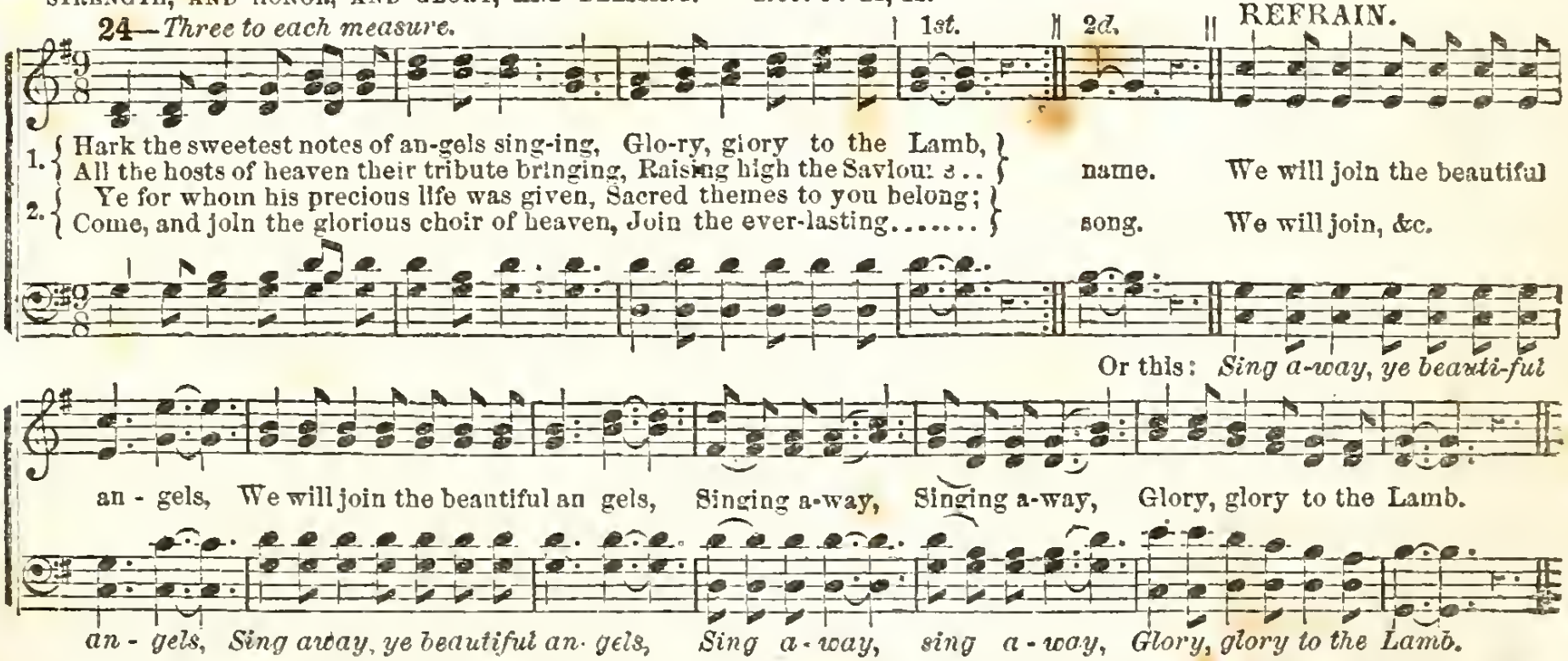
"Glory, Glory to the Lamb."

"AND I BEHELD, AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF MANY ANGELS ROUND ABOUT THE THRONE, AND THE BEASTS AND THE ELDERS; AND THE NUMBER OF THEM WAS TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND, AND THOUSANDS OF THOUSANDS: SAYING WITH A LOUD VOICE, 'WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN TO RECEIVE POWER, AND RICHES, AND WISDOM, AND STRENGTH, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND BLESSING.'"—*Rev.* 5: 11, 12.



3. Hearts all filled with holy emulation,
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme—the theme of free salvation,
Founts of everlasting love.
We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

4. Endless life in Christ our Lord possessing,
Let us praise his precious name:
Glory, honor, riches, power, and blessing
Be forever to the Lamb.
We will join the beautiful angels, &c.

"Why should Children hold their Peace?"

28—*Two to each measure.* *Matthew* 21: 15, 16.

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS. *ff*

1st. 2d.

1. "Why should children hold their peace?" Did the loving Sa-viour say,
When the haughty, hating Jews Sought their youthful (OMIT.....) songs to stay. "Ho-san-nah, ho-san-nah, ho-

p

san-nah to the Son of Da-vid! Praise him, O praise him, Our Saviour and our King." "Suf-fer them to

p

f *p* *f*

come," said Je-sus; Hence our youthful throng, "Suf-fer them to come," said Je-sus; Hence our joy-ful song.

f *p* *f*

2. Why should children hold their peace,
When the whole creation sings,
And the rounded firmament
With its Maker's glory rings?—*Cho.*

3. Why should children hold their peace,
When their happy hearts rejoice?
What so tuneful to our Lord,
As his praise from childhood's voice!—*Cho.*

4. Why should children hold their peace?
Why did God their voices give;
Save to praise the Lamb who died
That the children's souls might live?—*Cho.*

5. If the children hold their peace,
Then the very stones shall sing,
And the mountains and the hills
Shall their echoing tribute bring!—*Cho.*

There's Room for All.*

20—*Three to each measure.*

p Soft and Gentle.

1. "Come to me all ye that la- bor, Heavy laden and oppressed," These were the precious words of Jesus.
2. "Take my easy yoke upon you, Leave the wrong and choose the right; Come learn of me the meek and lowly,

mf CHORUS, *with energy, but not very loud.*

"Come, and I will give you rest." 'Tis a Father's love, 'tis a Father's call, In his house above, there is room for all, Yes, there's room for all in my Father's heavenly home, there's room for me.
You shall find my burden light." 'Tis a Father's love, 'tis a Father's call, In his house above, there, &c. Yes, there's room for you,

3. Lord, we come to plead thy promise,
We, by sin and guilt oppressed,
Would take thy easy yoke upon us;
Grant us, Lord, on thee to rest.
'Tis a Father's love, &c.

4. Guard us by thy kind protection
Purify our every heart;
O teach us, Lord, and make us humble,
Meek, and lowly, as thou art.
'Tis a Father's love, &c.

* *Words written for this work.*

My Sabbath Song.

Music by Wm. B. Bradbury.

20—*Three to each measure.*

1. Strains of mu - sic oft - en greet me As I join the bu - sy throng, But there's nothing half so

CHORUS.

plea - sant As the ho - - ly Sab - bath song. No fear of ill, No fear of wrong, While

I can sing my Sab-bath song; My Sab-bath song, My Sabbath song; I love to sing my Sabbath song.

2. 'Tis a song of love and mercy
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.
No fear of ill, &c.

3. Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;
But the song of blest redemption
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.
No fear of ill, &c.

4. While I live, O, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.
No fear of ill, &c.

The Sinner's Friend.

"Jesus Christ—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

Words by Kate Cameron. *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

15—*Three to each measure.*

1. What-ev - er cross the world may bring Of pov - er - ty and shame, To Je - sus'
2. In sor-row's hour his love can cheer, And bid our fears de - part; He makes our

CHORUS.

hand we still can cling—He always is the same. He who was the sinner's Friend Will be
hap - pi-ness more dear, And fills with peace our heart. He who was, the sinner's Friend Will, &c.

with us to the end, Not-ing ev - ery smile and tear: Our blessed Saviour's ev - er near.

3. Dear Saviour, make us truly thine,
And all our sins forgive;
Conform us to thy will divine,
And bless us while we live.
He who was, &c.

4. And in the world beyond the sky,
With thee we'll gladly dwell;
No more to weep, no more to die,
No more to say farewell.
He who was, &c.

Dare to do Right! Dare to be True!

Spirited. 15—*Two to each measure.*

1. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! You have a work that no oth-er can do,
2. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! Oth-er men's failures can nev-er save you.
3. Dare to do right! Dare to be true! God, who cre-at-ed you, cares for you too;

Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, Angels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell.
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith; Stand like a he-ro, and bat-tle till death.
Treasures the tears that his striving ones shed, Counts and protects eve-ry hair of your head.

CHORUS.

Dare, Dare, Dare to do right! Dare, dare, dare to be true! Dare to be true! dare to be true!

Dare,

4. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
Dare to do right! &c.

5. Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City, and mansion, and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
Dare to do right! &c.

"Always There."

24—*Two to each measure.*

1. Why should cold or stormy weather Keep me on this ho - ly day From my du - ty to my Saviour,
2. Blessed place, where ev-ery moment Seems a trea-sure bright and fair. Dear-ly prized a - bove all oth-ers,

CHORUS.

From the Sabbath-school a - way. Always there, Always there, There to join in praise and prayer; There to meet my
Let me then be always there. Always there, Always there, There to join in praise and prayer; There to meet, &c.

teacher dear, There to join in praise and prayer, There to meet my teacher dear, And join in praise and prayer.

3. When on earth my Saviour wandered,
Cold and weary, many a day,
He at midnight sought the desert,
In its solitude to pray.—*Cho*

4. With an humble, lowly spirit,
Would I know and do his will;
Learning under every trial
How to suffer and be still.—*Cho.*

5. Ne'er shall cold or stormy weather
Keep me on this holy day
From my duty to my Saviour,
From the Sabbath-school away.—*Cho.*

Sunday School Recruiting Song.

Words by Mrs. E. M. Sangster.

Single Voice, (Boy) or Semichorus. 18—*Two to each measu*

1. Do you know a- ny lit - tle bare-foot boy, In a gar - ret or a cel - lar, Who shivers with cold, and whose

CHORUS.

garments old—Will scarcely hold to - geth-er? Go bring him in; there is room to spare; Here are food, and shelter, and

Repeat in full Chorus.

pi - ty: And we'll not shut the door 'Gainst one of Christ's poor, Tho' you bring every child in the ci - ty.

Girl.

2. Do you know any little tired girl,
Whose feet with cold are aching;
Whose shrinking form braves the winter's storm;
The alms of the richer taking?
"Go bring her in," &c.

3. Can you think of a comrade who often goes
To play in the lots on Sunday,
And who's late at school, and who breaks the rule
Of his teacher dear on Monday?
"Go bring him in," &c.

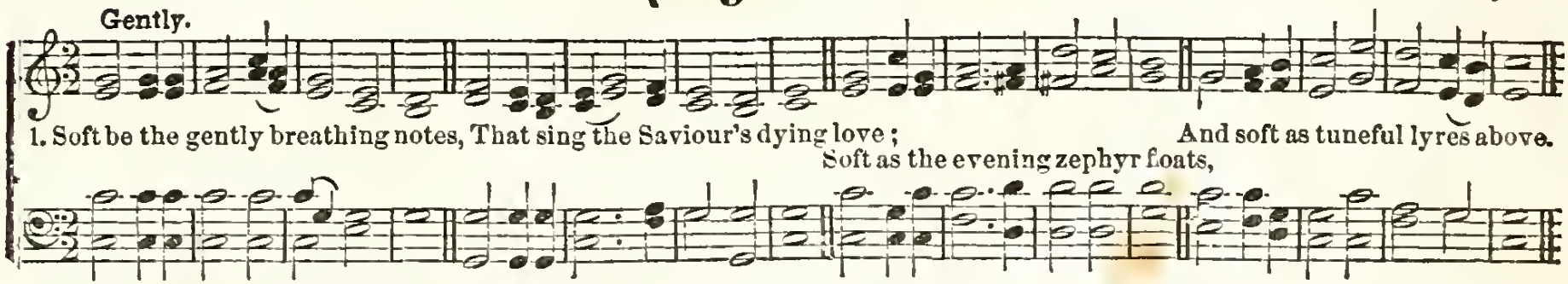
4. Go! gather them in from the tenement house,
And the merchant's stately palace;
From the world's dark strife, and the heavenly life,
Let them drink from the golden chalice.
"Go bring them in," &c.

TEACHER.

5. 'Tis the Master's work! there is none so low,
But his loving hand may reach them,
And there's none so sunken in want and woe,
But we'll joy to help and teach them.
"Go bring them in," &c.

Zephyr. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2. Soft as the morning dews descend,
While warbling birds exulting soar;
So soft to our almighty Friend
Be every sigh our bosoms pour.

3. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid orb of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

1. ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.

2. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

3. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting a summons from on high.

22—*Two to each measure.*

Jesus Paid it All.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Noth- ing, eith - er great or small, Re - mains for me to do; Je - sus died, and
2. When he from his lof - ty throne, Stoop'd down to do and die. Ev - ery thing was
3. Wea - ry, work-ing, plod-ding one, Oh, wherefore toil you so? Cease your do- ing—

CHORUS.

paid it all,— Yes all the debt I owe. Je - sus paid it all,.....
ful - ly done; "'Tis finished!" was his cry. Je - sus paid it all, &c.
all was done; Yes, a - ges long a - go. Je - sus paid it all, &c.

Je - sus paid it, paid it all,

All the debt I owe, Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

4. Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing' ends in death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5. Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

The Sweetest Name.

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVEEY NAME," &c.

20—*One to each ♩.* *From the* "GOLDEN CHAIN," *by permission.*

1st. | 2d. *End.* REFRAIN. *D. C.*

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, } We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed [Jesus,
{ The name before his wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, given. }
D. C. For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je-sus. *D. C.*

2. His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they seal'd him;
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.—*Cho.*

3. And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.—*Cho.*

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—*Cho.*

"Sweet Land of Rest." C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come? When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering home—This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my

REFRAIN. | 1st. || 2d.

home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.
home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
Home, home, &c.

4. Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.
Home, home, &c.

Our Fathers Long Ago.

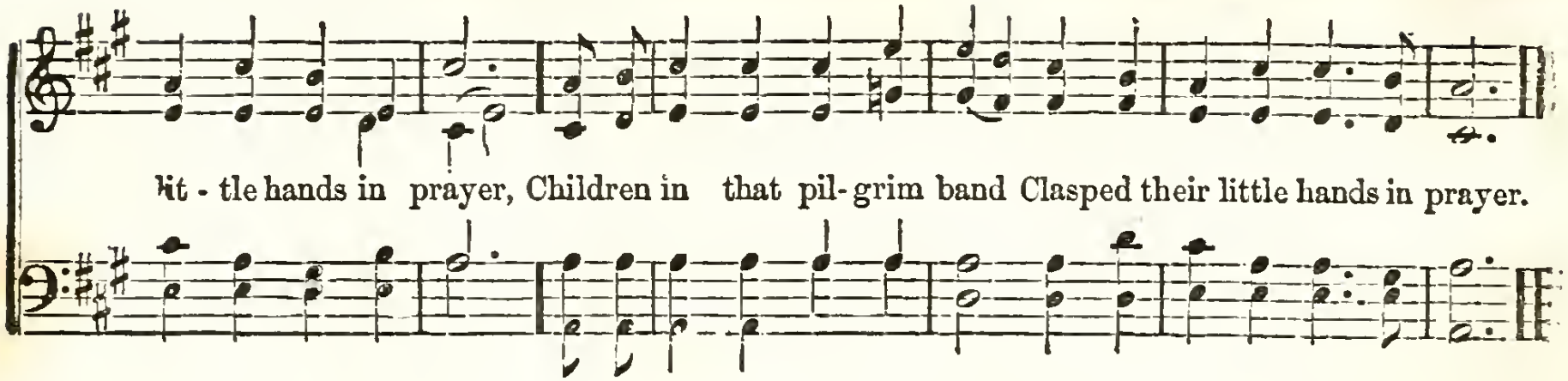
Words by FANNY CROSBY. PATRIOTIC.

7—*Four to each measure.*

1. When a- cross the o - cean wide, Where the heav - ing wa - ters flow, Came the

May-Flower o'er the tide, With our Fathers, long a - go; When they neared the rock-y

strand, And their cho - rus rent the air, Children in that pilgrim band Clasped their



2.

Sweetly rang their evening hymn
O'er that region vast and wide,
Through the forest dark and dim,
And the rocking pines replied.
'Twas a cold December night,
And the earth was robed in snow,
But the stars with mellow light
Blest our fathers long ago.

3.

When the early buds were seen,
And the robin's song was heard,
Children frolicked on the green,
Happy as the woodland bird;
Culled the daisy young and fair,
Watched the brooklet's quiet flow,
Banished every cloud of care
From our fathers long ago.

4.

When our country's banner bright
Told her deeds of noble worth,
Children hailed its radiant light,
Hailed the land that give them birth
Children now rejoice to hear,
All their youthful hearts can know,
And the precepts still revere
Of their fathers long ago.

80—*Two to each measure.*

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E. Roberts

1. When Ho - san - nas loud re - sound-ing Rang through Sa - lem joy - ful - ly,
As the Sa - viour came in tri - umph, [Omit - - - - - -]

2. Je - sus heard their lit - tle voic - es, And with gen - tle, lov - ing face,
Smiled up - on the hap - py chil - dren, [Omit - - - - - -]

Children's voic - es rose on high, Hymn- ing out the joy - ful cho - rus, Shout-ing forth the glad ac - claim, "Mighty King, the Son of Da - vid, Com-ing in Je - ho - vah's name."

Sub - jects of his roy - al grace; Hushed the haughty priests to si - lence By the old pro- - phet- ic word: "Forth from infant lips per- fect - ed, Praise shall come before the Lord."

3. Still the mighty King of Salem
Comes in holy triumph nigh,—
Still hosannas, loud resounding,
Rise from infant tongues on high,—
Still the sceptic and the scoffer
Sneer and ridicule the song,—
And the Saviour smiles as sweetly
On the happy infant throng.

4. In the day when gathered millions
Sing hosannas, far away,
'Mid the shining hosts of angels,
Infant tongues shall swell the lay.
Come then, children, to the Saviour,
Sweetest welcome waits you here;
And with those bright hosts in heaven,
You shall sing his praises there.

We are Coming, Blessed Saviour.

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

16—*Two to each measure.*

1. We are com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, We hear thy gen - tle voice; We would be thine for ev - er, And in thy love re - joice.

FULL CHORUS.

We are com - ing, we are com - ing, we are com - ing, bless - ed Sa - viour, We are com - ing, we are com - ing, We hear thy gen - tle voice.

2. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To meet that happy band,
And sing with them forever,
And in thy presence stand.
We are coming, &c.
To meet that happy band.

3. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Our Father's house we see—
A glorious mansion ever
For children young as we.
We are coming, &c.
Our Father's house we see.

4. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
That happy home is ours;
If here we gain thy favor
We'll reach those fragrant bowers.
We are coming, &c.
That happy home is ours.

5. We are coming, blessed Saviour,
To crown our Jesus King,
And then with angels ever
His praises we will sing.
We are coming, &c.
To crown our Jesus King.

Our Home with Jesus.

T. E. Perkins.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. My hea-ven-ly home is bright and fair; We'll be gathered home; Nor death, nor sigh-ing,
2. Its glit-tering towers the sun outshine, We'll be gathered home; That heavenly mansion
3. My Fa - ther's house is built on high; We'll be gathered home; A - bove the arched and

CHORUS.

vis - it there, We'll be gathered home. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, We'll
shall be mine, We'll be gathered home. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, &c.
star - ry sky, We'll be gathered home. We'll wait till Je - sus comes, &c.

wait till Je - sus comes, We'll wait till Je- sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

4. Let others seek a home below, &c.
Which flames devour, or waves o'erthrow.—*Cho.*

5. Be mine the happier lot to own, &c.
A heavenly mansion near the throne.—*Chorus.*

6. Then fail this earth, let stars decline, &c.
And sun and moon refuse to shine.—*Chorus.*

7. All nature sink, and cease to be, &c.
That heavenly mansion stands for me.—*Chorus.*

Morn of Zion's Glory.

1. Morn of Zi-on's glo - ry, Brightly thou art breaking, Ho - ly joy thy light a - waking; Morn of Zi - on's glo - ry,
Ancient saints foretold thee, Seraph angels glad behold thee: Streams of rich salvation Flow to every nation.
Far and wide, See them glide;

2.
Morn of Zions glory—
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echoed voices sweet are singing
Haste thee on,
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3.
Morn of Zion's glory—
Now the night is riven;
Now the star is high in heaven;
Morn of Zion's glory.
Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujah sweetly sounding;
Peace with men
Dwells again,
Jesus reigns forever!
Jesus reigns forever!

"Never Be Afraid."*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

21—*Two to each measure.*

1. Never be afraid to speak for Je - sus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to own your Sa - viour, He who loves and cares for you.
2. Never be afraid to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and wil - ling spi - rit, He will all your toil re - pay.

CHORUS.

Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid, Nev-er be afraid, Never, never, never, Je - sus is your lov - ing Saviour, Therefore ne- ver be a - fraid.

* *Words written for this work.*

3.

Never be afraid to bear for Jesus,
Keen reproaches when they fall;
Patiently endure your every trial,
Jesus meekly bore them all.
Never be afraid, &c.

4.

Never be afraid to live for Jesus;
If you on his care depend.
Safely shall you pass through every trial,
He will bring you to the end.
Never be afraid, &c.

5.

Never be afraid to die for Jesus;
He the life, the truth, the way,
Gently in his arms of love will bear you
To the realms of endless day.
Never be afraid, &c.

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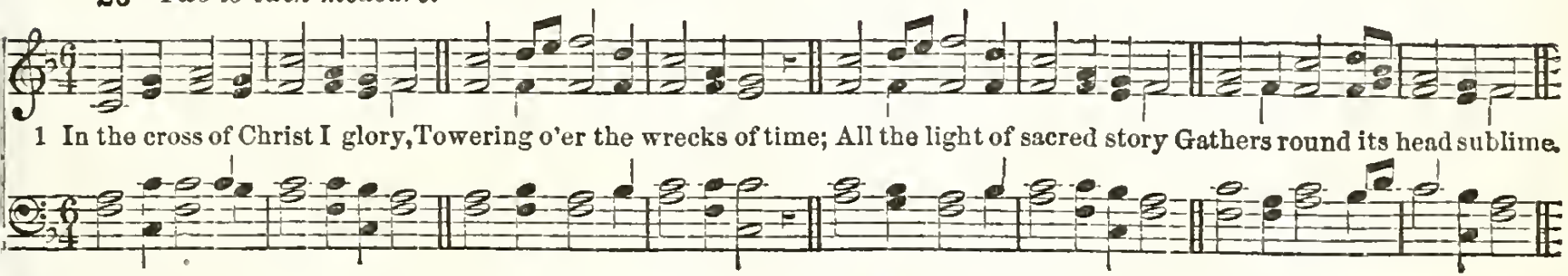
26—*Two to each measure.*



2.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the lights of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

The Gathering.

Joyfully, with Spirit and Energy. MM. ♪-160.

1. We gath-er, we gath-er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms of Spring;
2. When, stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ran - som so free - ly was given;

Our Mak - er! Re-deem-er! we grate-ful - ly raise Our hearts and our vol - ces in hymn-ing thy praise.
Thou designedst to lis - ten while children a - dored, With joy - ful ho - san-nas—the bless'd of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

f Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! *ff* Hal-le - lu jah! Hal-le -
Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Ho - san - na in the high - est! Hal-le - lu-jah!

- - - lu - - jah! Ho-san - na to the Lord!
Hal-le - lu-jah! Ho-san - na to the Lord!

3. Those arms which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.
Hallelujah, &c.

4. Hosanna! hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise,
For precepts and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven,
Hallelujah, &c.

What shall I Do for Jesus.

10—*One to each ♩.* THEO. F. SEWARD.

1. What shall I do for that kind Friend Who once for me so poor be-came; Who had not where to
2. For Him who bore my sins a - way, Who free - ly shed His blood for me, Who sought me when I

CHORUS. 32—*Two to each measure.*

lay His head, Who suffered death, reproach, and shame. What shall I do, What shall I do, What
went a- stray, Redeemed my soul and made it free. What shall I do, What shall I do, &c.

shall I do for Je - sus, What shall I do, What shall I do for that kind friend.

3. For Him who, with such tender love,
Bestows the riches of His grace;
For Him who intercedes above,
And for my soul prepares a place.
What can I do, &c.

4. I'll give to Him my heart and life,
And love and serve Him day by day;
And this shall be my only strife,
That from His fold I may not stray.
This can I do, &c.

Who is my Neighbor?

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

28—*Two to each measure*

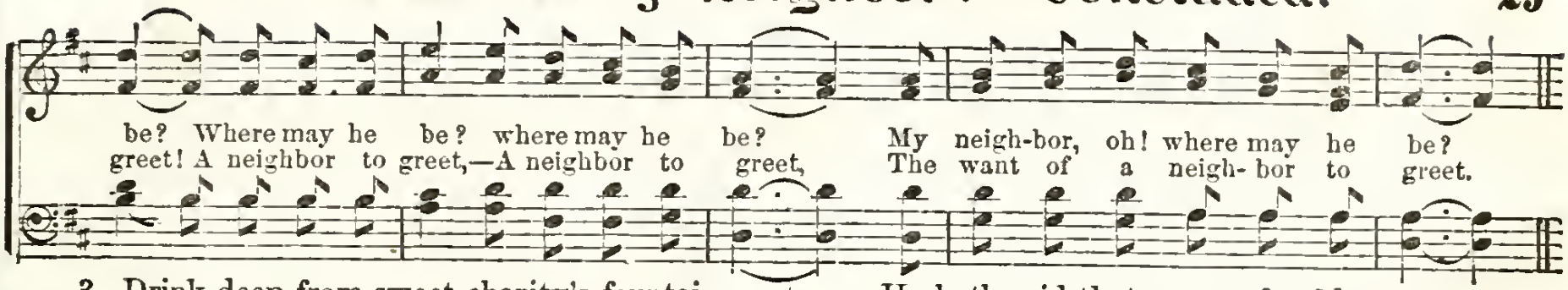
1. O, who is my neigh - bor? pray tell me, As I jour - ney a - long here be - low;
2. The world is thy neigh - bor, poor pil - grim; From the beg - gar so wretched to see,

For my Bi - ble com-mands me to love him As my-self, and my neigh-bor I'd know;
To the rich man that rides in his car - riage,— All a - like have a claim up - on thee!

Is it he who sits down at my ta - ble, My bro - ther so dear un - to me,
Go ye out in the high-ways and hedg - es, The al - leys, the lanes, and the street;

Or my friend who hath done me a fa - vor,— My neigh-bor, O, where may he
For ye nev - er have need to stand i - dle The want of a neigh-bor to

Who is my Neighbor? Concluded.

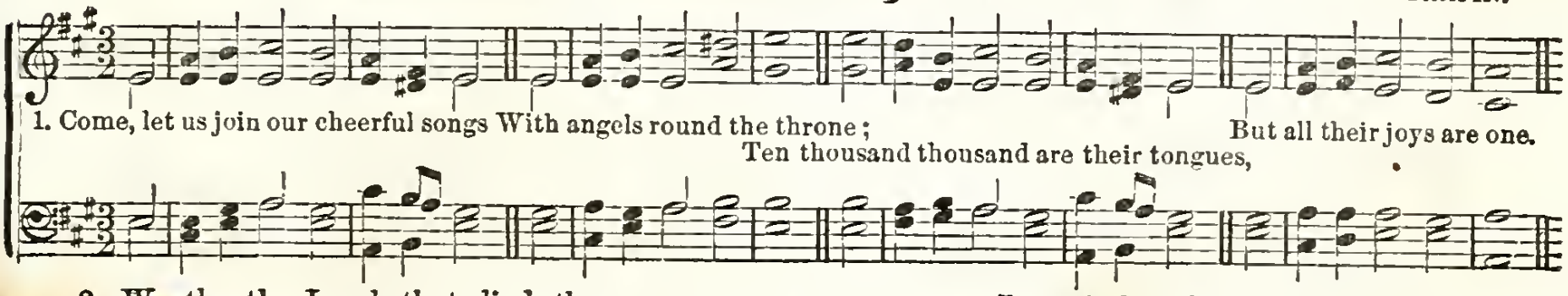


3. Drink deep from sweet charity's fountain;
Little failings in kindness o'erlook;
For our Saviour had pity for others,
And he never his neighbor forsook
He never forsook, &c.

He hath said that a cup of cold water,
If given in the name of the Lord,
In that day when he makes up his jewels,
Shall meet with a tenfold reward!
A tenfold reward, &c.

Melody, or Chelmsford. C. M.

CHAPIN.



2. Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

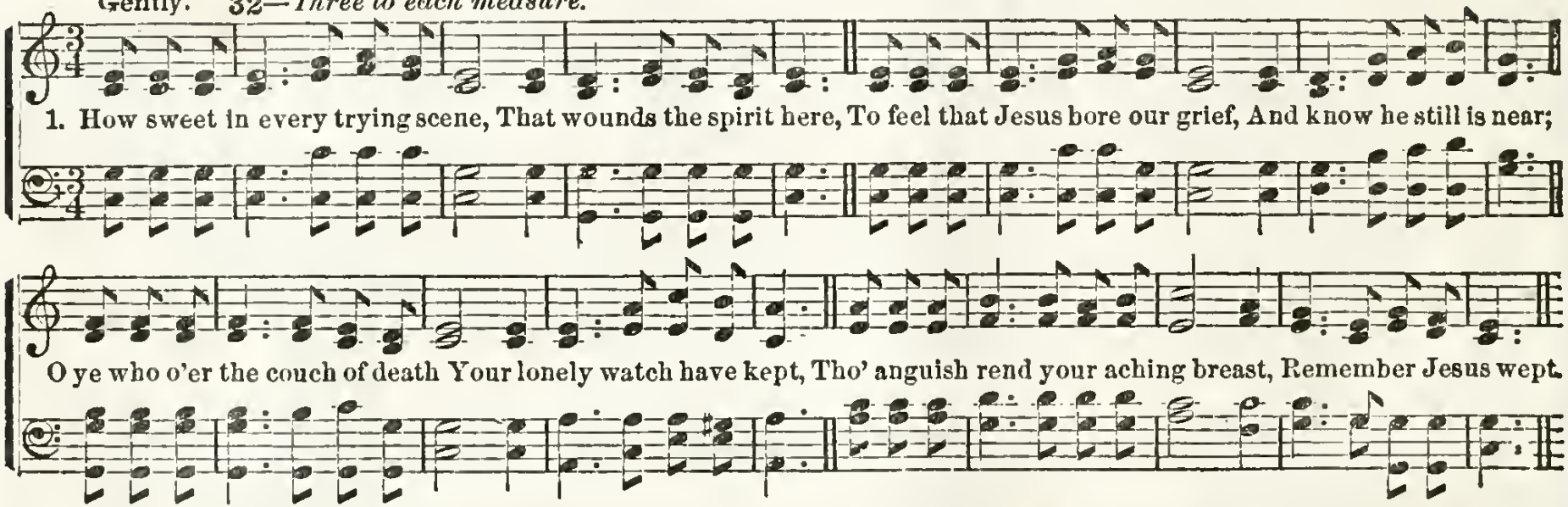
DOXOLOGY.—To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

"Your Saviour Wept." C. M. Double

Words by C.

JESUS WEPT.—*John* 11 : 34, 35.

Gently. 32—*Three to each measure.*

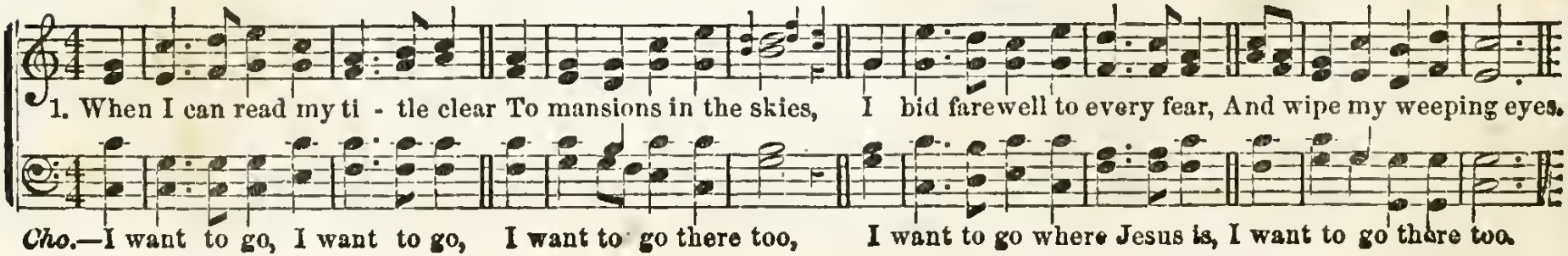


2. He groaned in spirit while he spoke:
"Where have you laid the dead?"
"Lord, come and see," they murmured low,
He followed where they led;
Beneath a cold sepulchral stone
An only brother slept,
And angels wondered as they gazed,
For lo! the Saviour wept.

3. How oft the prayer our lips would breathe,
The heart alone may speak;
How oft the penitential tear
Bedews the mourner's cheek:
Poor child of toil, though dark and sad,
Thy weary lot may be,
With few to smooth life's rugged path,
Thy Saviour wept for thee.

Brown. C. M

WM. B. BRADBURY.



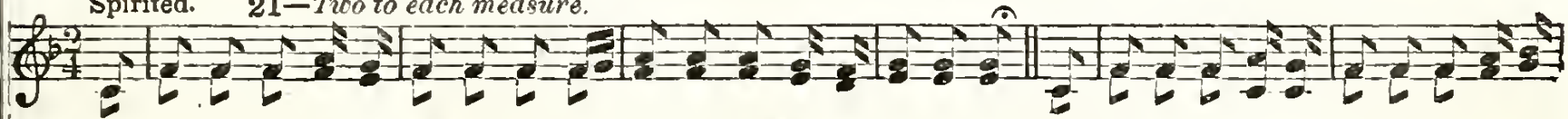
2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
Cho.—I want to go, &c.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Cho.*

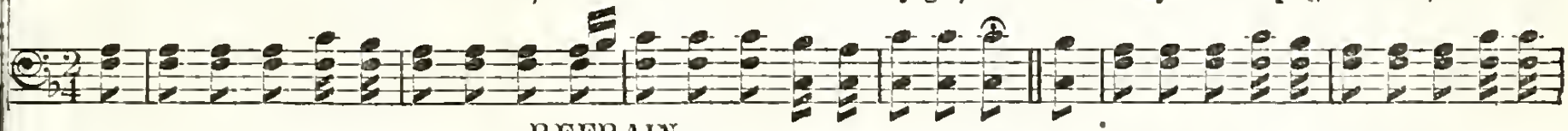
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—*Cho*

The Land of Canaan.

Spirited. 21—*Two to each measure.*



1. We journey on to the land above, A land of light and a land of love; We're strangers here, and the land we're in, Tho' a
2. A lit - tle while in the land below, To that above we will shortly go; A few more days on the pilgrim road, Then we'll



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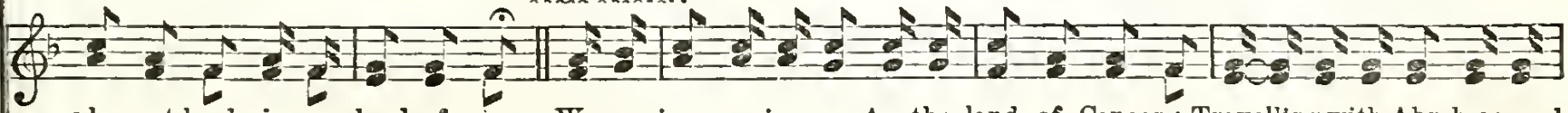
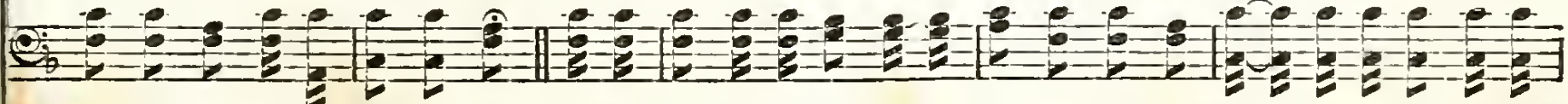
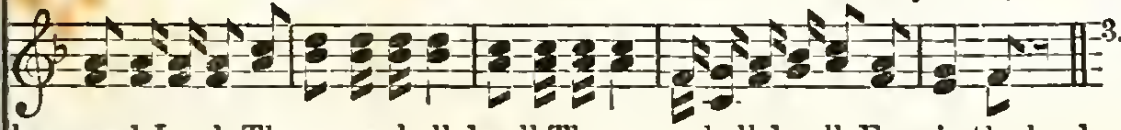


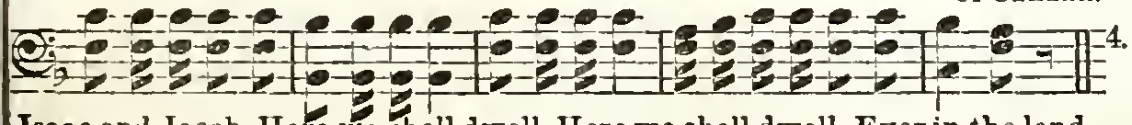
pleasant land, is a land of sin. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and
rest at home with the Lord our God. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, &c.



Chorus to last verse. We are here, safely here, in the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and



Isaac and Jacob, There we shall dwell, There we shall dwell, Ever in the land of Canaan.



Isaac and Jacob, Here we shall dwell, Here we shall dwell, Ever in the land of Canaan.

3. And while we pass through the land below,
We'll look to that where we soon shall go;
And fix our eyes on our Saviour's throne,
We must seek for strength in his grace alone.
We are journeying, &c.

4. When life is done, and its conflict past,
The land above we will gain at last,
And shout for joy, as we enter in,
Farewell, farewell to the land of sin!
We are here, safely here, &c.

"The Master has Come over Jordan."

Extract from a letter from Rev. Wm. Goodell, D.D., of Constantinople, Turkey, to Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York:
"I come to ask a special favor of you, viz.: that you will see that 'sweet singer in Israel' and composer, Mr. ——, and as him to make a tune for that beautiful hymn beginning with 'The Master hath come over Jordan.' The tune should be a very simple one and suited to the popular ear, that all the Christian mothers in the world may learn to sing it by hearing it once. We shall pray that Brother —— may be where John was 'on the Lord's day' (not in exile, but in the Spirit); and may be assisted to make a tune which shall be sung in every land by every tongue, not only till the beginning of the Millenium, but straight through till the very end of it, and even far beyond."

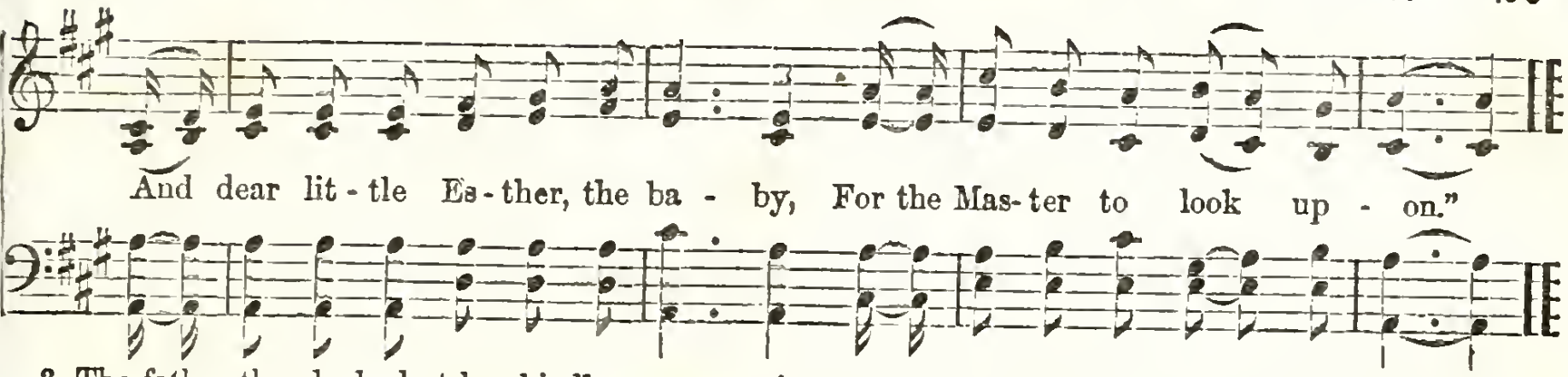
Words by Julia Gill. *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

28—*Two to each measure.*

1. "The Mas-ter has come ov-er Jor-dan," Said Han-nah, the moth-er, one day;

"He is heal-ing the peo-ple who throng him, With a touch of his fin-ger, they say;

And now I shall car-ry the chil-dren—Lit-tle Ra-chel, and Sam-uel, and John,



2. The father then looked at her kindly,
And said, as he tenderly smiled,
"Now who but a fond loving mother
Would think of a project so wild.
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying with fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many around us who dwell."

3. "Nay, nay, do not hinder me, Nathan.
I feel such a burden of care;
And if to the Master I tell it,
That burden He'll help me to bear;
If He lay but His hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them each as they go."

4. So, over the mountains of Judah,
Along with the vines all so green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her broth between;
With the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word;
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

5. "Now, why shouldst thou hinder the master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Thou knowest from morn until evening
He is teaching, and healing disease."
Said Jesus: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!"
Then He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He sat on His knee.

6. The care-stricken heart of the mother
Was lifted all sorrow above;
His hands kindly laid on the children,
He blest them with holiest love;
And said of the babes on His bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."
Then strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her Spirit was given.

The Blessed Sabbath School.

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. Wm. B. Bradbury.

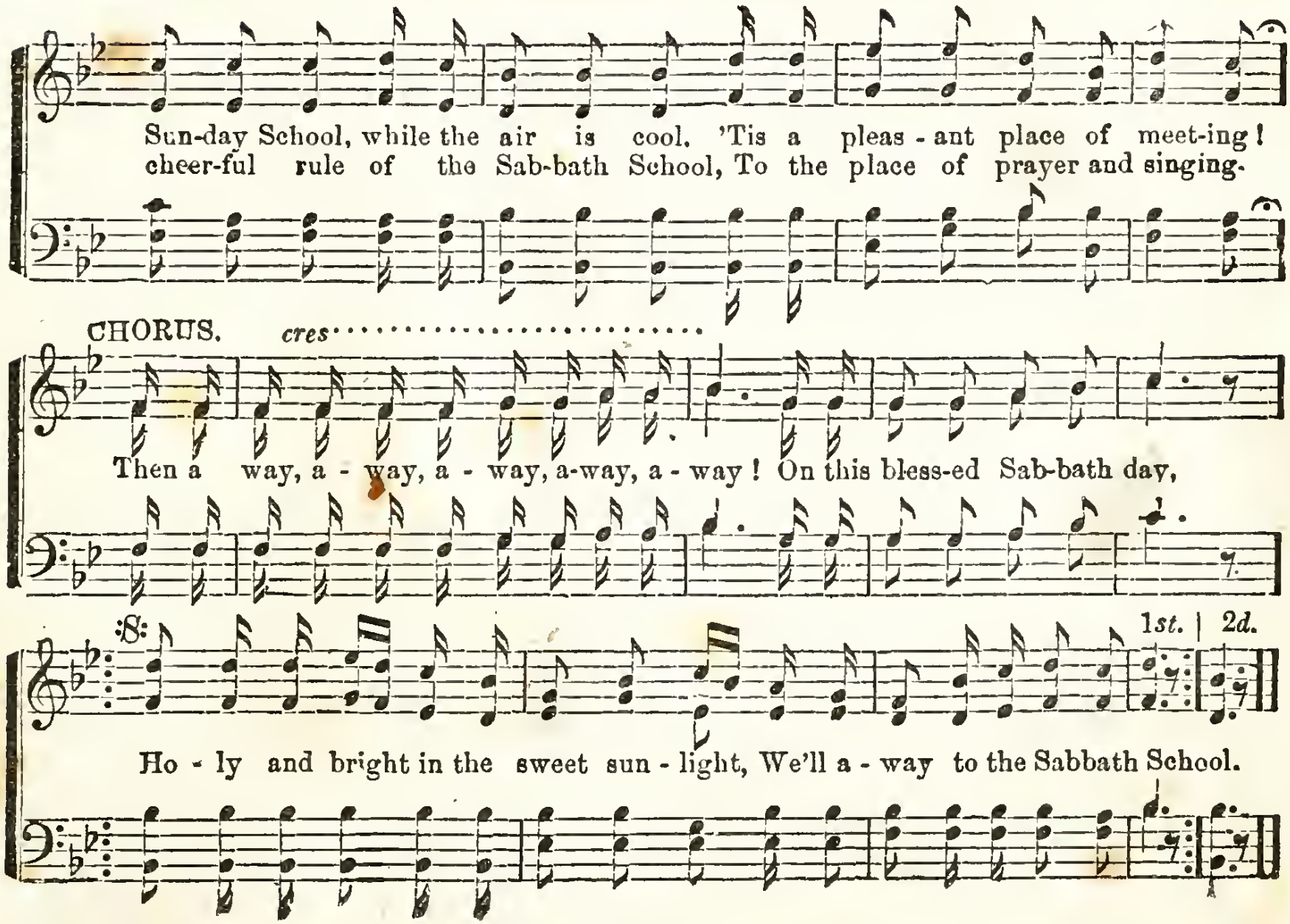
ADAPTED TO ANNIVERSARY OR OTHER SABBATH SCHOOL OCCASIONS.

Sprightly and Joyous.

1 Ho - ly and bright in the sweet sunlight, Is the blessed Sabbath morning, And to God our King we will glad - ly sing, Who hath caused its glorious dawn-ing, We'll haste a - way each hap - py day, Our dear com - pan-ions greet-ing. To our

2 Fleeting is youth, but the gems of truth That we glean from the sacred pages In our school so dear, tho' the storm is near, Still we'll point to the Rock of Ages, No time we'll waste but glad - ly haste While the pleasant bells are ring-ing, To the

cres


Sun-day School, while the air is cool. 'Tis a pleas - ant place of meet-ing!
cheer-ful rule of the Sab-bath School, To the place of prayer and singing.
CHORUS.
cres
Then a way, a - way, a - way, a-way, a - way! On this bless-ed Sab-bath day,
1st.
2d.
Ho - ly and bright in the sweet sun - light, We'll a - way to the Sabbath School.

Let To-morrow take Care of To-morrow.

"THE MORROW SHALL TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE THINGS OF ITSELF.—*Matt.* vi, 34.

Words by CHAS. SWAIN. *Music by* O. J. WILLARD.

30—*Two to the measure.*

1. Let to-mor-row take care of to-mor-row; Leave things of the fu-ture a-lone;.... What's the use to an-ti-ci-pate sor-row? Life's troubles come ev-er too soon!..... If to hope o-ver-much be an er-ror, 'Tis one that the wise have pre-ferred:.... And how

2. Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee— Per-mit not sus-pi-cion and care..... With in-vin-ci-ble bonds to enshrine thee, But bear what God gives thee to bear:..... By His Spi-rit sup-port-ed and gladdened, Be ne'er by fore-bod-ings de-terred;.... But

of - ten have hearts been in ter - ror Of e - vils that nev - er oc - curred.
think how hearts have been saddened By fear of what nev - er oc - curred.

CHORUS.

To - mor - row, To - mor - row, Let to - mor - row take care of to - mor - row;

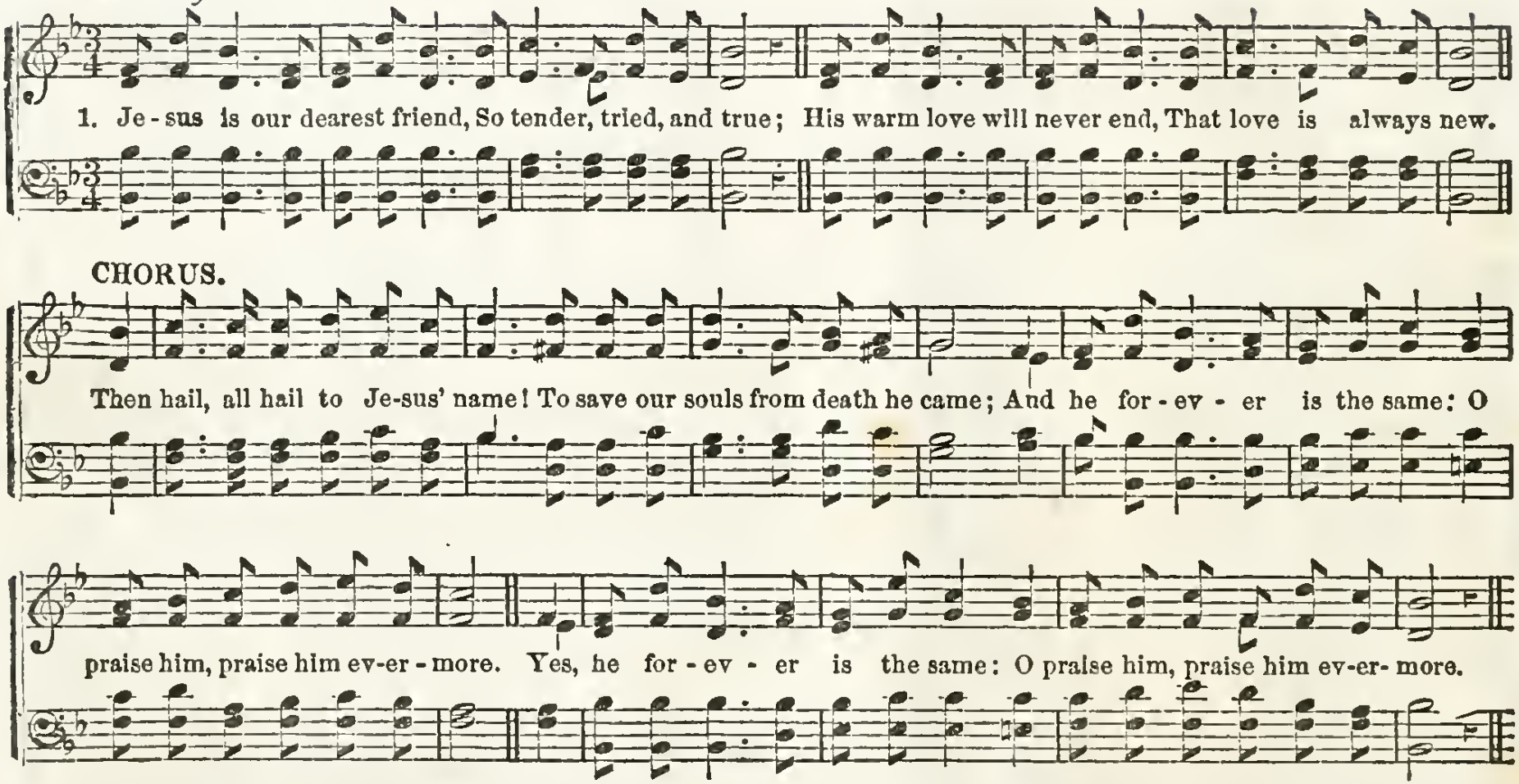
To - mor - row, To - mor - row, Let to - mor - row take care of to - mor - row.

2. Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow—
Still shorter by folly and fear;

Half our troubles are our own invention,
And often from blessings conferred:
We have shrunk in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred.
To-morrow, To-morrow, &c.

Our Dearest Friend.

Words by K. C.



2. Jesus is our faithful Guide,
We'll never go astray,
While we linger near his side,
And he directs our way.—*Cho.*

3. Jesus is our only Guard;
And still his mighty arm,
Tho' the way be rough and hard,
Will keep us safe from harm.—*Cho.*

4. Jesus is our All in All,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
On his name we'll humbly call
And still his praises sing.—*Cho.*

The Land Beyond the River.

Moderato. *From "Silver Chime," by permission.* *Words and Music by* H. L. Frisbie.

1. No mor - tal eye that land hath seen, Be-yond, beyond the riv - er, Its smil - ing val-leys, hills so green,
2. No cankering care nor mor-tal strife, Be-yond, beyond the riv - er, But hap - py, nev-er - end-ing life,

Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Its shores are com-ing near - er, The skies are grow-ing clear - er, Each
Be - yond, beyond the riv - er. Thro' the e - ter - nal hours, God's love, in heavenly show - ers, Shall

REFRAIN.

day it seem-eth dear - er, That land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, Its
wa - ter faith's fair flow - ers In the land beyond the riv - er. } We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the storm, &c.

rage is al - most o - ver, We'll an - chor in the har - bor soon, In the land beyond the riv - er.

3. That glorious day will ne'er be done, Beyond, &c.
When we've the crown and kingdom won, Beyond, &c.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure In the land, &c.

4. When shall we look from Zion's hill, Beyond, &c.
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill, Beyond, &c.
There angels bright are singing,
Where golden harps are ringing,
We ne'er shall cease our singing In the land, &c.

Jesus Died for Me.

"He died that we might live."

Words by Mrs. H. N. Beers.* *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

4—*One to each f.*

1. Although I am a sinful child, Je-sus is my Saviour—With guilt my heart is all defiled, Je-sus died for me.

CHORUS. Girls. Boys.

I sing the love of Je-sus—He died for me, He died for me—His precious blood can cleanse us, Once shed on Calvary.

2. Though but a child, I'll do His will,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll hear His voice, and follow still—
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

3. Around my feet is many a snare,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll seek Him every day in prayer,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

4. And since His service I've begun,
Jesus is my Saviour—
I'll tell His love to every one,
Jesus died for me.
I sing the love of Jesus, &c.

5. When all my duties here are done,
Jesus is my Saviour—
He'll take me nearer to His throne,
Jesus died for me.
There I shall be with Jesus,
Who died for me, who died for me,
And sing the love of Jesus
Through all eternity.

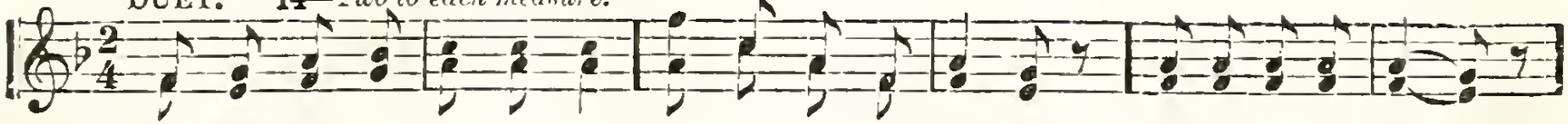
* Written for the Sabbath School of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, N. Y.

Try to Live like Jesus.

THE SABBATH SCHOLARS' COMPACT.

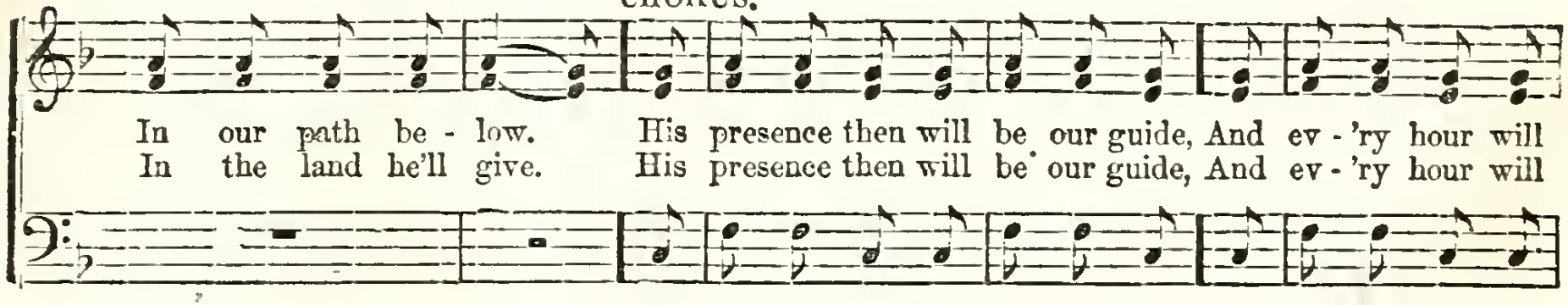
Words by Miss Crosby.

DUET. 14—*Two to each measure.*

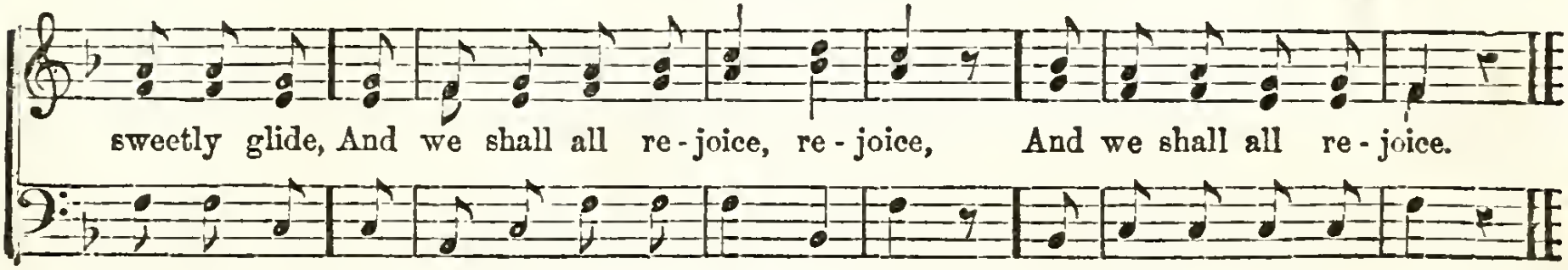


1. Let us all from day to day, Try to live like Je - sus; Hand in hand we'll go..
2. Love our parents, God's command, First command with promise, That we long may live

CHORUS.



In our path be - low. His presence then will be our guide, And ev - 'ry hour will
In the land he'll give. His presence then will be our guide, And ev - 'ry hour will



sweetly glide, And we shall all re - joice, re - joice, And we shall all re - joice.

3. Let us one and all engage,
That like friends and brothers
We in peace will live,
And our foes forgive.
His presence then will, &c.

4. Let us never do a wrong,
Howsoever tempted;
But in deed and word
Love and serve the Lord.
His presence then will, &c.

Do Good.

Quick and Lively. 4—*One to each measure.*

1. Do good, do good, there is ev - er a way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't
2. If wealth be yours, then be will-ing to part With a por - tion, at least, of your wealth, And

FULL CHORUS.

wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day, And to-day when to-morrow comes still. Do good, do good, there's
prove you are grateful to God from your heart, And your neighbor you love as yourself. Do good, do good, &c.

ev - er a way, There's a way where there's ever a will; Don't wait till to - mor-row, but

do it to-day, And to-day, when to-morrow comes, still, And to-day, when to-morrow comes, still.

* *Words written for this work*

3.

Perhaps you're poor—and have little to spare,
There are some not so favored as you;
If only a shilling—bestow it with care,
And remember the good it may do.
Cho.—Do good, &c.

4.

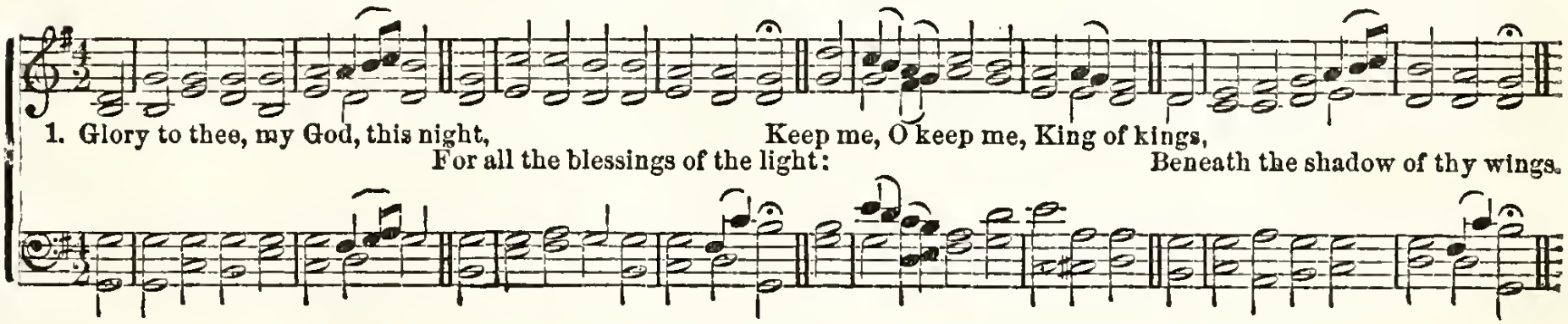
To help the weak, and the erring restore
To the path that in childhood they trod;
And if they repulse you, then try it once more,
Till you lead them to virtue and God.
Cho.—Do good, &c.

5.

Do good to all, and their burdens bear:
'Tis the will of your Father in heaven;
Remember this counsel—wherever you are,
That in secret your alms should be given.
Cho.—Do good, &c.

Evening Hymn. L. M.

TALLIS.



2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4. O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, which shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5. Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

Song of Faith.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises."

6—*One to each* ♩.

FULL CHORUS. *f*

1. Had I but the faith of pi - ous A - bel, (Oh, for this liv - ing faith!)

FULL CHORUS.

Had I but the faith of pi - ous A - bel, Hap- py would I be;

REFRAIN.

For the sac - ri - fice he

* *'Tis a faith that works by*

brought, By simple faith was given; It gained the precious boon he sought—The love, the smile of heaven.

love, That pu- ri- fies the heart, It works by love, and purifies the heart, And overcomes the world.

* These lines may be sung at the close of the piece, or at the end of each or every other stanza.

2. Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of holy Enoch,
Happy would I be:
For the gloomy vale of death
His footsteps never trod;
He went to heaven on wings of faith,—
For Enoch walked with God.

3. Had I but the faith of good old Noah,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of good old Noah,
Happy would I be:
'Twas by faith he built the ark,
And though by tempest tossed,
It saved him from the waters dark
When all the world was lost.

4. Had I but the faith of faithful Abraham,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of faithful Abraham,
Happy would I be:
For he left his native plain,
And sought a stranger land;
His only son he would have slain,
By faith in God's command.

5. Had I but the faith and meekness of Moses,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith and meekness of Moses,
Happy would I be:
Through the wilderness he trod
He, Israel's chosen guide;
Yet never lost his faith in God,
Though oft severely tried.

6. Had I but the faith of praying Joshua,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of praying Joshua,
Happy would I be:
'Twas by faith he called on God,
In battle wild and shrill;
And in the valley, at his word,
The sun and moon stood still.

7. Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith of the Christian Martyrs,
Happy would I be:
They were racked with torturing pains
Yet brilliant was their faith;
It shone above the burning flames,
Triumphant over death.

8. Had I but the faith that never falters,
(Oh, for this living faith!)
Had I but the faith that never falters,
Happy would I be.
Saviour, may thy grace divine
This living faith impart;
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And purifies the heart.

Words written for this work.

Blessed Bible.

Words by Mrs Doct. Palmer. "Thy word have I hid in my heart."—*David.*

Gently, with strong emphasis. 22—*Three to each measure.* *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

mp

1. Bles - sed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my bo - som cheer! What on

mp

earth like this to co - vet? Oh, what stores of wealth are here! Man was lost and doom'd to

sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his

f

1. 2.

ray was cheer'd by this. Blessed Bi - ble, Blessed Bi - ble, how thou dost my spi- rit cheer, cheer.

f

2. Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
Blessed Bible! &c.

4. Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
Blessed Bible! &c.

Jesus' Little Lamb.

24—*Two to each measure.* INFANT CLASS SONG.

1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle Lamb, Therefore glad and gay I am; Je-sus loves me, Jesus knows me,
All that's good and fair he shows me, Tends me ev'-ry day the same, E-ven calls me by my name.

2. Out and in I safely go,
Want or hunger never know,
Soft green pastures He discloseth,
Where His happy flock reposeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook he leadeth me.

3. Should not I be glad and gay?
In this blessed fold all day;
By this Holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light!
Yes! oh, yes, my lot is bright!

Climbing up Zion's Hill.

LITTLE ARTHUR BAIN, with tremulous voice and moistened eyes, uttered these words in the class-room.

Words by Rev. J. G. CHAFEE. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

20—*Two to each measure.*

1. "I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill," Tho' all beneath is dark as death, Yet the stars are bright a-
For the Saviour whispers "Love me;"

- bove me. Then upward still, To Zion's Hill, To the land of joy and beauty, My path before, Shines more and more, As it

REFRAIN.

1st Semi-chorus. *2d Semi-chorus.* *Full Chorus.*

nears the golden ci - ty. I'm climbing up Zion's hill, I'm climbing up Zion's hill, Climbing, climbing, climbing up Zion's hill.

2. I know I'm but a little child,
My strength will not protect me;
But then I am the Saviour's lamb,
And he will not neglect me.
Then all the time
I'll try to climb
This holy hill of Zion;
For I am sure,
The way is pure,
And on it comes "no lion.
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

3. Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still
God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals;
Where raptured tongues
Proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.
Chorus.—I'm climbing up, &c.

24—*Two to each measure.*

"Precious is the Time."

GIRLS. ALL. GIRLS. ALL.

1. We must labor while 'tis day, Precious is the time; Soon the light will fade away, Precious is the time;
2. Do we try the right to choose, Precious is the time; Not a moment should we loose, Precious is the time;

GIRLS. ALL.

Whatso- e'er we find to do, Let us with our might pursue, Keeping still one thought in view, Precious is the time.
Life is like a morning flower, Blooming in a fragrant bower, Drooping, dying in an hour, Precious is the time.

FULL CHORUS.

Precious is the time, friends! Precious is the time, friends! We must labor while 'tis day, Precious is the time.

3. Have we sought our father's love?
Precious is the time;
Live we for our home above?
Precious is the time;
Do we daily kneel in prayer,
Thanking God for all his care,
Grateful for the gifts we share?
Precious is the time.—*Chorus.*

4. We must labor while 'tis day,
Precious is the time;
Soon the light will fade away,
Precious is the time;
Whatsoe'er we find to do,
Let us with our might pursue,
Keeping still one thought in view,
Precious is the time.—*Chorus.*

Words written for this work.

The Sparkling Rill.*

1. Gushing so bright in the morn-ing light Gleams the water in your fountain; And as purely, too, as the
2. Qui - et-ly glide in their silvery tide, Pearly brooks from rocks to valley; And the flashing streams in the

CHORUS.

ear - ly dew, That gems the dis- tant mountain. Then drink your fill of the gushing rill, And
broad sunbeams, Like bannered ar - mies ral - ly. Then drink your fill of the gushing rill, &c.

leave the cup of sor - row, Though it shine to-night in the gleaming light, 'Twill sting thee on the morrow.

3. Touch not the wine, though it brightly shine,
When a purer draught is given;
A gift so sweet our wants to meet,
A beverage bright from heaven.
Chorus.—Then drink your fill, &c.

4. O fountain clear, with a heart sincere,
We will praise thy glorious Giver;
And when we rise to our native skies,
We'll drink of life's bright river.
Chorus.—Then drink your fill, &c,

* *Words adapted for this work.*

The Cooling Spring.

Opposite our chamber window is a clear, cool, never failing spring; and, running merrily along by its side, yet entirely disconnected from it, is a sprightly, bubbling, singing little brook, whose music lulls us to sleep at night, and gently awakens us at early dawn.—*The Parsonage.*

SEMI-CHORUS. 𝅗𝅥—*Two to each measure.* WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. (*1st Semi-Chorus.*) O, a good - ly thing is the cooling spring, By the rock where the moss doth grow; There is health in the tide, and there's music beside, In the brooklet's bounding flow. } *f* Mer-ry, mer-ry,
2. (*2d Semi-Chorus.*) And as pure as heaven is the wa- ter given, And its stream is for- ev - er new; 'Tis dis- - tilled in the sky, and it drops from on high, In the showers and gen-tle..... } dew. *pp* Ripple, rip-ple,

1st. 2d.

lit - tle spring, Sparkle on, Sparkle on, Mer-ry, mer- ry, lit- tle spring, Sparkle on for me.
sil- v'ry brook, Rip- ple on, Rip-ple on, Ripple, rip- ple, silv'ry brook, Rip-ple on for me.

3. Let them say 'tis weak, but it's strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway;
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
And it laughs as it bounds away.

4. O, I love to drink from the foaming brink,
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring;
For the bright drops that shine more refreshing than wine,
And its praise, its praise, we'll sing.—*Cho*

Bright Mansions.

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE.—*Prov.* 17, 22.

The following extract is from a letter written by one of the "little ones," and read at the children's meeting at Rochester. A new heart is a singing heart. Have you, dear reader, a heart that leads you to love to sing the praises of Jesus?

"Mr. Ellinswood came and asked me if I had found the dear Jesus, and I told him I was trying to find him. When he prayed for me, I resolved that I would love the dear Jesus, and when he got through praying, I thought I had found the dear Jesus; and when I went home that night I got down on my knees, and gave myself right up to Jesus, and I know he took me, and I prayed for him to give me a new heart, and he gave it to me. Oh! Mr. Hammond, I feel so happy since I found the dear Jesus: I feel like singing all the time."

21—*Two to the measure.*

1st. 2d. REFRAIN.*

1. "I feel like singing all the time," My heart with joy is ringing;
Since Jesus hath my sins forgiven, I'm happiest when I'm singing.

O happy they who reach that place Where

1st. 2d.

sorrow cometh nev - er; Who rest within his loving arms For-ev er and for - ev - er. ev - er.

2. Since I have found a Saviour's love,
To him my hopes are clinging;
I feel so happy all the time,
My heart is always singing.—*Chorus.*

3. A light I never knew before,
Around my path is breaking,
And cheerful songs of grateful praise,
My raptured soul is waking.—*Chorus.*

* The Refrain may be sung after every second stanza.—*Words written for this work.*

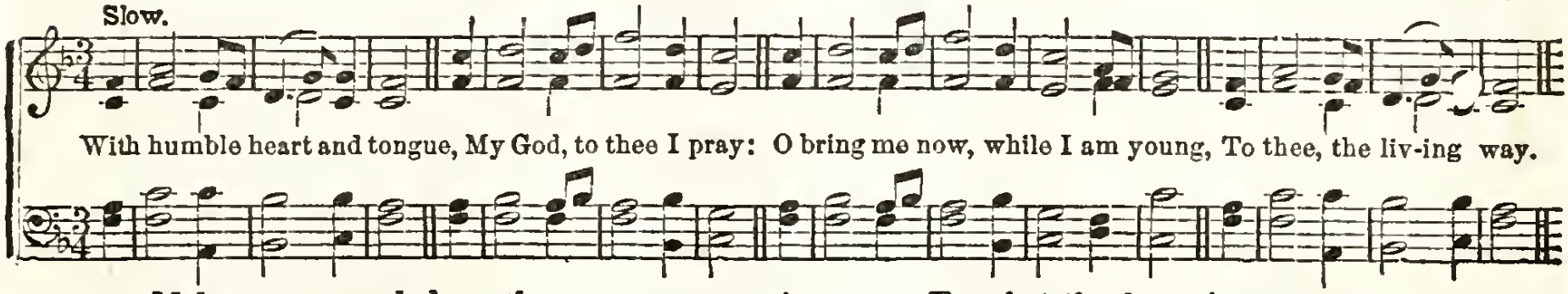
4. I see in heaven some mansions bright,
The noonday sun outshining;
For those who feel the Saviour's love
Around their hearts entwining.—*Chorus.*

5. "I feel like singing all the time,"
I have no thought of sadness;
When Jesus washed my sins away,
He tuned my heart to gladness.—*Chorus.*

6. Each moment, as it glides away,
Some new delight is bringing.
Redeeming love, O blessed theme,
My heart is always singing.—*Chorus.*

Golden Hill. S. M.

WESTERN TUNE.



2. Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

3. My heart to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.

4. let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, thro' all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

5. To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

DISMISSION.

1. ONCE more before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name.
Record his mercies, every heart;
Sing, every tongue, the same.

2. May we receive his word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek and know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Young Soldiers of the Cross.

Words by Mrs. E. M. Sangster.

Spirited and Energetic. 16.—*Three to each measure.*

1. Go forth, young sol - dier of the Cross, The bat - tle hour is nigh, And ye have bound the ar - mor on, And sworn to do or die. Our bu - gle ne'er shall sound re - treat While Je - sus leads us on: We will not lay our weapons by Un - til we wear the crown. A beau-ti-ful crown is waiting for you, Far a - way in the promis'd land; A beautiful crown is waiting for me, Far a - way in the promis'd land.

2. Be watch-ful, ar - my of the Cross, The foe is lurk-ing nigh: A soul must be the might-y loss, If but one sol - dier die. Whene'er you dare the hos - tile ranks, For - get not that with- in There hides a most ter - ri - fic foe, The wi - ley "in-bred sin." A beau-ti-ful crown is waiting, &c.

FULL CHORUS.

Composed for, and sung at, the 48th Anniversary of the New York Sunday-school Union, May 10, 1864.

3. On guard, young soldier of the Cross,
Through all the weary night,
With praise and prayer relieve your care,
And keep your armor bright.
Your Jesus once, "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you;
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

4. Rejoice, young soldier of the Cross,
The victory is sure;
The harp, the palm, are waiting all
Who to the end endure:
Your weary feet shall walk the street
All paved with gold, on high;
And he who wore a crown of thorns,
Will crown you in the sky.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

The Standard of the Cross.

MISSIONARY SONG.—Tune, "Young Soldier."

1 The sacred banner of the Cross,
The pledge of victory won
By him who in his anguish cried,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
Ye, who have borne through many a field
Its blood-stained colors fair,
Go where your dear Redeemer trod,
And plant that standard there.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

2. On Jordan's bank, on Olives' mount,
And all those dewy plains
Where Judah's harp in happier times
Rang out its tuneful strains:
Its chords are mute—their song no more
Awakes the trembling air;
Yet Jesus trod those lovely wilds:
Go plant that standard there.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

3. Jerusalem shall yet rejoice
To hail Messiah's reign;
The solitary place be glad,
The desert bloom again;
Her ruin'd towers, her crumbled walls,
Their ancient glory wear;
The crescent to the Cross shall bend,
Go plant that standard there.
A beautiful crown is waiting, &c.

For Closing School.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED.

1. Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

The Gospel Ship.

25—*Two to the measure.* *From the* GOLDEN CHAIN, *by permission.*

1. The gos - pel ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gos- pel ship is sailing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore;
All who would ship for glo- ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! All on board are sweetly singing, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu- jah! Hal-le- lu - jah to the Lamb!

2. She has landed many thousands,
Thousands, thousands,
She has landed many thousands,
On fair Canaan's happy shore;
And thousands now are sailing,
Sailing, sailing,
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

3. Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along.
Her company are singing,
Singing, singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4. Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

Young Pilgrims.

Words by Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1st { Life's journey we have started, Its opening dawn is bright; And if we're merry-hearted, We'll tune our songs aright.
2d { The flow'rs that blossom ever Around our pil-grim feet, With ho-ly joy we'll gath-er, And sip their dew-y sweet.

FULL CHORUS.

We are go-ing to fields e-lys-ian, Far, far be-yond the sky; The gold-en gates of heav-en Will o-pen by-and-by, Will o-pen by-and-by, Will o-pen by-and-by, The gold-en gates of heav-en will o-pen by-and-by.

2 With cheerful steps we'll hasten,
Nor list the tempter's charms;
But to the spirit listen
That calls to Jesus' arms.
'Twill make life's burden lighter
To feel God's gracious love;
And every precept brighter
That points to realms above. *Cho.*

3 His holy book will ever
Our onward footsteps guide,
Until we reach our Saviour,
And anchor near his side.
And when we meet our Jesus,
And tears are wiped away,
We'll take the harp he gives us,
And shout and sing for aye.

Cho. We've reached the fields elysian,
The Eden of the blest;
With angels now in heaven
The pilgrims are at rest.

Composed for and sung at the Anniversary of the Baptist S. S Union, May 10th. 1864.

Try to Be Like Jesus.

Gentle, not too loud. 16—*Two to each measure.*

1. We'll try to be like Je - sus, The children's precious Friend, Far dear-er than a mo - ther, A
2. We'll try to be like Je - sus, In bo - dy and in mind; For pure he was and ho - ly, In

GIRLS.

sis-ter, or a bro-ther, He'll love us to the end, He'll love us to the end. We'll try to be like.
temper meek and lowly, And to poor sinners kind, And to poor sinners kind. We'll try to be, &c.

BOYS. ALL.

Je- sus, We'll try to be like Je - sus, We'll try to be like Je- sus, The children's precious Friend.

3. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will;
We'll seek His strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.—*Chorus.*

4. We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At His right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story
The ransomed sing on high.—*Chorus.*

The Lord's Vineyard

"GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."—"THE HARVEST TRULY IS GREAT, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW."

8—*One to each measure.*

Spirited.

1. Go work to-day in the vineyard of the Lord, Work, work to-day, Work, work to-day; To those who toil he has promised a reward.

CHORUS.

Work, work to-day, work to-day; For a crown of life you may win and wear, In your father's house there are mansions fair. Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work to-day, Go work in the vineyard of the Lord, Go work in the vineyard of the Lord.

2. Go seek the lost who have wandered from the fold,
Work, work to-day, work, work to-day;
In guilt and sin they perhaps are growing old,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
For a word may fall or a tear may start,
That will find its way to some grateful heart.
Go work to-day, &c.

3. Glad news, glad news to the lowly one proclaim,
Work, work to-day, work, work to-day;
Good will to man through a dying Saviour's name,
Work, work to-day, work to-day;
O, the time is short, it will soon be o'er,
And the night will come ye can work no more.
Go work to-day, &c.

"The Better Part."

"MARY HATH CHOSEN THAT GOOD PART, WHICH SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY FROM HER."—*Luke* 10: 42-52.

15—*One to each* *.

DUET. Gentle.

1. Ma-ry sat at the feet of Jesus, Heeding nought but his holy teaching;
Lowly, meek—with an humble heart, She had chosen the better part.

CHORUS.

Mary's part was the better part, Sitting at the feet of Jesus; There, with an humble, a broken heart,
I would choose that better part.

2. Cares that long with their weight oppressed her,
Tears that oft to her eyes would start,
All were lost in a beam of comfort:
She had chosen the better part.—*Cho.*

3. Like a stream in a lonely desert,
Cool and sweet to the yearning heart,
Came the words of her blessed Saviour,
"She hath chosen the better part."—*Cho.*

4. Jesus, now at thy footstool kneeling,
Grant thine aid to my longing heart;
May sing with the blest in glory,
I have chosen the better part.—*Cho.*

* The small notes in the base are for the voice, when it is more desirable to have a vocal base than a mere instrumental accompaniment.

Man the Life-Boat!

Wm. B. Bradbury

Quick and Spirited. 16—*One to the measure.*

f

1. Man the life-boat! man the lifeboat! Hearts of love, your suc - cor lend! See the shattered

End.

ves - sel staggers! Quick! O quick! as - sist-ance lend! Now the fra - gile boat is hang-ing

End.

Rit. *Rit.* *D.C.*

On the billow's feathery height; Now 'midst fearful depths descending, While we wither at the sight.

D.C.

2. Courage! courage! she's in safety!
   See again her buoyant form,
   By his gracious hand uplifted,
   Who controls the raging storm.
   With her precious cargo freighted,
   Now the life-boat nears the shore;
   Parents, brethren, friends, embracing,
   Those they thought to see no more.

3. Christian, pause, and deeply ponder;
   Is there nothing you can do?
   The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,
   Have they not a voice for you?
   There's a storm, a fearful tempest—
   Souls are sinking in despair;
   There's a shore of blessed refuge,
   Try, O try to guide them there.

4. O, remember Him who saved you,
   Whose right hand deliverance wrought,
   Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,
   You to peace and safety brought;
   'Tis His voice who cheers you onward—
   "He that winneth souls is wise;"
   Launch the Gospel's blessed life-boat;
   Venture all to win the prize.

"A Group of Happy Children."

12—*Two to each measure.*
Spirited.

1. { A group of hap-py children, One bright and sunny day, / Were tripping, lightly tripping To Sabbath-school a-way, } Along the fields and meadows, Where buds and blossom grew; Their hearts were full of gladness, Of gladness, of gladness, Their hearts were full of gladness, Their faces smiling, too.

2.

How pleasant to behold them,
To hear their tuneful lay,
While tripping, lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away,
Their little merry voices
Rang sweetly on the breeze,
And mingled with the robin,
The robin, the robin,
And mingled with the robin,
That sang among the trees.

3.

What made the children happy,
What made their hearts so gay,
While tripping, lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away?
They loved the blessed Bible,
They loved the house of prayer,
For there they hear of Jesus,
Of Jesus, of Jesus,
For there they hear of Jesus,
And learn to praise him there.

4.

Then let us all remember,
And keep this holy day,
And when we're lightly tripping
To Sabbath-school away,
We'll thank our heavenly Father
For his own word of Truth;
We'll give our hearts to Jesus,
To Jesus, to Jesus,
We'll give our hearts to Jesus,
And serve him in our youth.

"Where there is no Parting."

Words by Rev. W. Hunter.

16—*Four to each measure.*

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore? The land for-ev-er bright and fair, Where
2. Shall I, unworthy I, To fear and doubting given, Mount up at last, and happy fly On

CHORUS.

sor - row reigns no more? Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing,
an - gel's wings to heaven. Where there is no part - ing, Where there is no part - ing, &c.

Where there is no parting, And sor-row reigns no more.

3. Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. *Chorus.*

4. I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past.
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last. *Chorus.*

The Little Band.

Words by C. Wm. B. Bradbury.

Gently, in Ballad-style. 18—*Two to each measure.*

1st. 2d.

1. Do you know the little band Gathered in our school to-day? Did you see them hand in hand Hither bend their way?
All are happy, all are glad, Hearts are bounding with delight, Not a single brow is sad, Every eye is bright.

CHORUS. More Spirited.

Then go with me to the Sabbath-school, Go with me to the Sabbath-school,
The blessed, blessed Sabbath-school, The blessed Sabbath-school.

2. Did you hear their gentle lay,
Telling of redeeming love,
Sweetly wafted far away,
To the courts above?
Would you live forever blest,
With your Saviour and your God?
Would you on his bosom rest,
Tread the paths He trod?
Then go with me, &c

3. Can you with those children kneel
In the Sabbath-school to-day?
Do you humbly, truly feel
Every word they say?
Is a glistening tear-drop seen
Trickling down your cheek the while?
In its penitential beam,
View a Father's smile.
Then go with me &c

Go and Tell Jesus.

16—*Four to each measure.* "AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS." T. F. SEWARD.

1. Go and tell Je - sus, weary, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole;

Look up to Him, He on- ly can for-give, Be - lieve on Him and thou shalt surely live.

CHORUS.

{ Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give, Go and tell Je - sus, O turn to him and live. } Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus,

Go and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for-give.

2. Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, His precious life He gave,
That mercy, peace and pardon you might have. *Cho.*

3. Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in His arm, and on His breast
Thou mayst be happy, and for ever rest.—*Chorus*

The Heavenly Land.

"A BETTER COUNTRY, THAT IS, AN HEAVENLY.."—*Hebrews* xi, 16.

24—*Two to each measure.*

1. I love to think of the heaven-ly land, Where white-robed an - gels are; Where
2. I love to think of the heaven-ly land, Where my Re - deem - er reigns, Where
3. I love to think of the heaven-ly land, The saints' e - ter - nal home, Where

REFRAIN.

many a friend is gathered safe From fear, and toil, and care. There'll be no
rapturous songs of tri - umph rise In end - less, joy - ous strains. There'll be, &c.
palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one. There'll be, &c.

part - ing, There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no part-ing there.

4. I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.
There'll be no, &c.

5. I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
O, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there!
There'll be no, &c.

Words by Miss J. W. Sampson. 10—*One to each ♩.*

Heavenly Home!

E. Roberts.

1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious name to me! I love to think the time will come when
2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no clouds a-rise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim thy

Fine.

I shall rest in thee. I've no a- bid-ing ci- ty here, I seek for one to come; And tho' my pilgrim-
ev- er-smil-ing skies. This earthly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will often come; And, oh, I long to

D. C for Chorus.

age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
see the light That gilds my heavenly home.

3. Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears, disturb me there, for all is peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now he calls me home.
Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall sorrow's gloom. &c.

Thanksgiving Anthem.

Words by H. S. Washburn.

Allegro.

1. Let ev - 'ry heart re-joice and sing; Let cho-ral anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and children bring To God your sa - cri - fice. For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and honors sound - ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise: While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills A glorious anthem raise. Let each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers praise, Let praise.

2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known; And earth subdued to him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne. For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways; With songs and, &c. each prolong the grate-ful song, And the God of our fathers

f

1*st*. 2*d*.

Weary of Wandering Long.

Words by Miss J. W. Sampson, *Utica, N. Y.*

Psalm 25, 4–12.

Very Gentle and Tender. 36—*Two to each measure.*

End.

1. Weary of wand'ring long, My sore heart saith, "Show me Thy way, O Lord! Teach me Thy path!"

D. C. Weary of wand'ring long, &c.

End.

D. C.

I thought these weary feet Straightway would find All rough and rugged paths Left far be - hind.

D. C.

2. But, as I onward passed,
The way grew steep;
And black clouds gathered fast,
And skies did weep,
And darkness seemed to hide
The toilsome road;
Amazed, again I cried,
"Thy way, O God!"

3. "A lamp unto my feet,"
God's word did prove;
A "still, small voice," and sweet,
Spoke thus in love:—
"Whoso, through night and day,
God's way pursues,
'Him shall He teach the way
That He shall choose.'"

4. Then, since He choose for me
This rugged path,
My hand in His shall be
With steadfast faith:
Each step, this darksome night,
Is bringing me
Still nearer to the bright
Eternity.

Our Beautiful Flag. Patriotic.

Words by H. W. Hayward, *Esq., Baltimore, Md.* *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

DUET.

1. Our beau- ti - ful flag, oh, now we see From ev - ery spot and blem - ish free, The
2. Oh, beau- ti - ful flag, so pure and bright, Thy ra - diant stars are life and light, The

Pianoforte or Melodeon Accompaniment.

Flag of our Un - ion, bright and fair, That waves in tri - umph ev - ery where.
em- blem of power, our guide al - way, Thy stars shall nev - er fade a - way.

1st time Alto and Soprano Duet; 2d time, Chorus.

1st time. *2d time.*

Oh! be true— Oh! be true, True to our beau- ti - ful flag so free. flag.

3. We see thy stripes and eagle bold,
And love thee more as we behold;
Forever wave on land and sea,
The Union Flag of the brave and free. *Chorus.*

4. This beautiful flag we soon shall see
O'er every state unfurled and free,
Beneath its folds shall discord cease
And North and South rejoice in peace. *Chorus.*

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

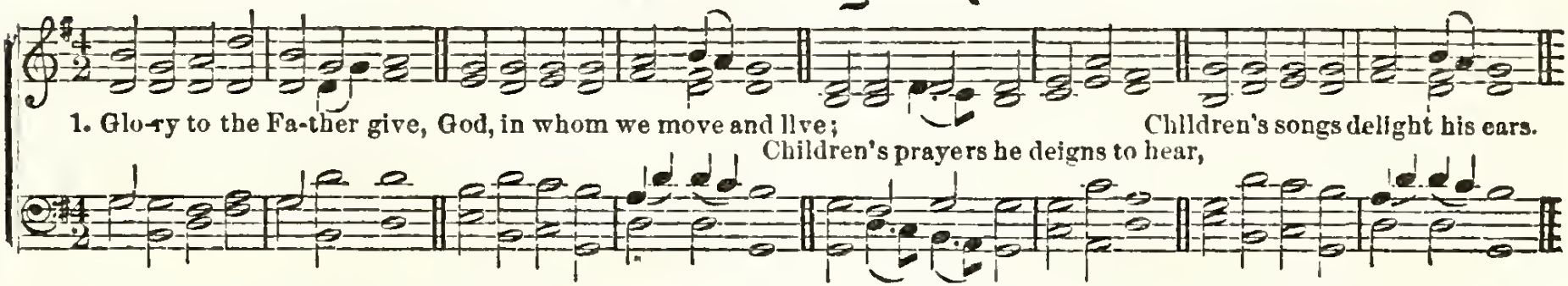
1. A beautiful land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free;
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels too are there.
Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

2. That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away. *Chorus.*

3. In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree. *Chorus.*

4. The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's machless grace. *Chor.*

Nuremberg. 7s.



2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's mind may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

Seeking Jesus

Words by Kate Cameron.

1. { Thro' the world we dai - ly roam, Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus; } { In all plac - es high or low - ly, }
{ None in vain for this have come, Seeking Je - sus, Seeking Je - sus; } { 'Mid the sin - ful and the ho - ly, }

DUET. CHORUS. Girls. Girls & Boys. All.

Seek-ing Je - sus, seek-ing Je - sus. We shall find Him, We shall find Him, We shall find Him, If we

seek, He will hear us when we speak; He will an - swer us in love, Take us home to dwell a - bove.

2. If our days on earth are spent
Seeking Jesus,
With all things we'll be content,
Seeking Jesus:
Though our path be lone and dreary,
Though our steps be slow and weary,
Seeking Jesus,
We shall find Him, &c.

3. Soon our life will all be o'er,
Seeking Jesus;
We shall reach the better shore,
Seeking Jesus;
In that land of peace and pleasure,
We've laid up our dearest treasure,
Seeking Jesus.
We shall find Him, &c.

At the Sabbath School.

18—*Two to each measure.* DIALOGUE SONG.

QUESTION.

1. What do you do at the Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school? What do you do at the Sabbath school, At the

ANSWER.

hap- py Sabbath school? { First we sing a song of praise, Then in prayer our voices raise, / Then we each our les-son say, Closing with an - other lay, } That's what we do at the

Sabbath school, At the Sabbath school, That's what we do at the Sabbath school, At the happy Sabbath school.
At the Sabbath school,

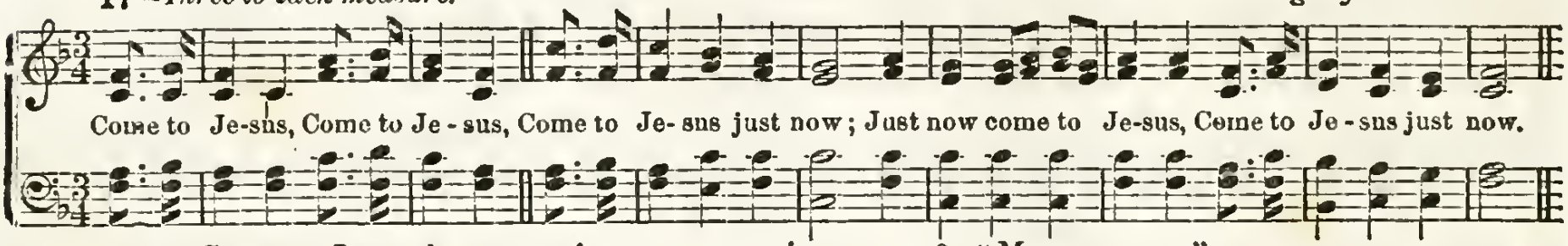
2. What do you learn at the Sabbath school,
At the happy Sabbath school?
First we learn Commandments Ten,
God's laws sent by him to men;
Then what Christ did here below
To redeem our souls from woe.
That's what we learn at the Sabbath school,
At the happy Sabbath school.

3. Why do you all love the Sabbath school,
Love the happy Sabbath school?
There we with our Saviour meet,
At the blood-bought mercy-seat;
Where he ever whispers, "Come
To thy blissful, heavenly home."
That's why we all love the Sabbath school,
Love the happy Sabbath school.

"Just Now."*

"COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."—*Matt.* 11: 28. "BEHOLD, NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME—BEHOLD, NOW IS THE DAY OF SALVATION."—1 *Cor.* 6: 2.

17—*Three to each measure.* *Arranged for this work.*



1. Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11: 28.

2. He will save you, just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." *Acts* 16: 31.

3. O believe him, just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* 3: 16

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb.* 7: 25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 *Pet.* 3: 9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John* 6: 37.

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt.* 3: 7.

8. Call unto him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts* 2: 21.

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark* 10: 47.

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark* 10: 52.

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 *John* 1: 9.

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 *John* 1: 7.

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 *Cor.* 5: 17.

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev.* 3: 5.

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—*John* 15: 13.

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—*Isa.* 53: 3.

17. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—*John* 5: 12.

* This little Chorus has been the means of helping many an inquiring sinner to embrace the Saviour, believe and trust Him.—"It was," says Rev. Mr. Hammond, "first sung in Scotland, when hundreds were asking, 'what shall we do to be saved?'"

Our Bright Home Above.

Words by Fanny Crosby. *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

10—*Four to each ♩.*

End.

1. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.
D.C. We are going, we are going, To a home beyond the skies, Where the fields are robed in beauty, And the sunlight never dies.

End.

D.C.

Where the fount of joy is flowing In the valley green and fair, We shall dwell in love together, There will be no parting there.

D.C

2. We are going, we are going,
And the music we have heard
Like the echo of the woodland,
Or the carol of a bird;
With the rosy light of morning
On the calm and fragrant air,
Still it murmurs, softly murmurs,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

3. We are going, we are going,
Where the day of life is o'er—
To that pure and happy region
Where our friends have gone before;
They are singing with the angels
In that land so bright and fair;
We shall dwell with them forever,
There will be no parting there.
We are going, &c.

The House upon a Rock.

Matth 7: 24, 25.

1. O, if my house is built up-on a rock, I know it will stand for-ev-er; The floods may come, and the
2. For He whose word is last-ing at the hills, Whose truth is unchanging ev-er, Hath said my house on the

rolling thunder's shock May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock, But it nev-er will fall, nev-er will fall,
solid rock shall stand, He'll hold it by his might in the hollow of his hand, And it nev-er will fall, nev-er will fall,

FULL CHORUS.

ff *mp*

nev-er, nev-er, nev-er. My rock is firm, it is my sure foun-da-tion, 'Tis Je-sus Christ, my

My rock is firm, is firm,

cres. *f*

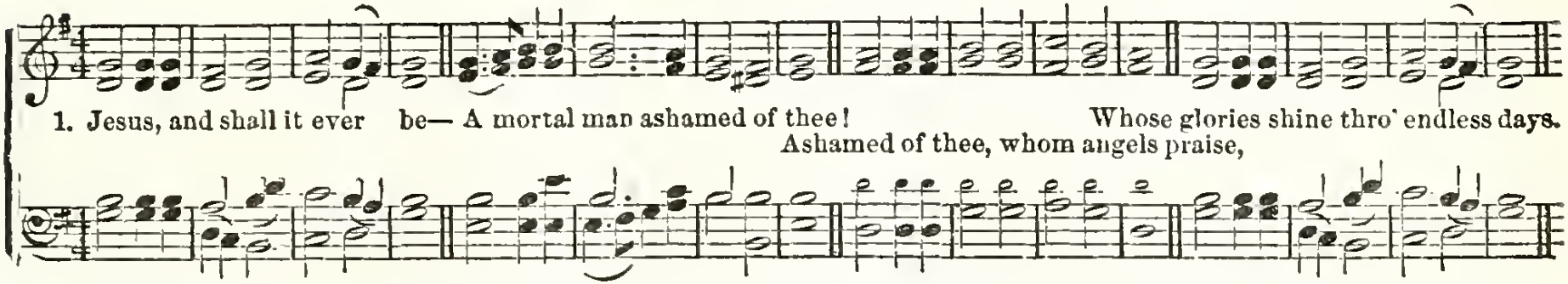
lov-ing Saviour, Jesus Christ, my lov-ing Saviour, The rock of my sal-va-tion, The rock of my sal-va-tion.

3. O, if my house is built upon the sand,
'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
And it surely will fall—never to rise,
Never, never, never!—*Chorus.*

4. Then let my house be built upon a rock.
For there it will stand forever;
The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock
May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock.
But it never will fall, never will fall.
Never, never, never!—*Chorus.*

Meroe. L. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

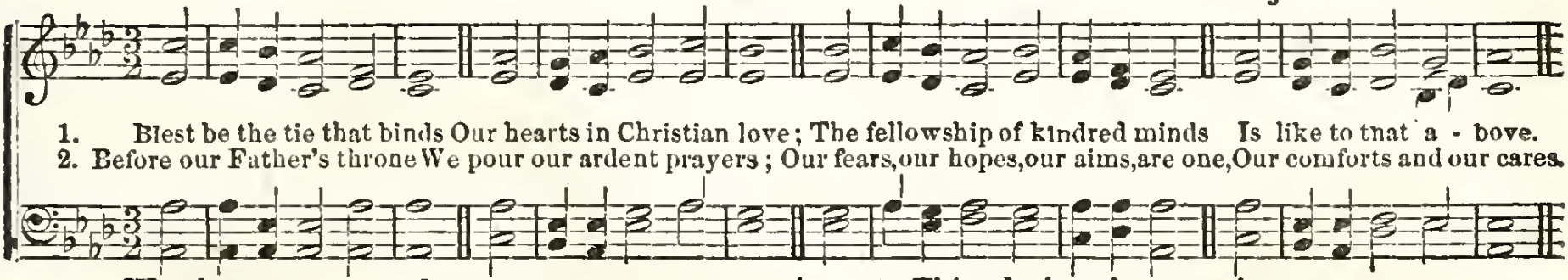


2. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his name.

3. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

State Street. S. M.

J. C. Woodman.



3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

"I'll gladly Sing."

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

Spirited. 12—*Four to each measure.*

1. Hap-py and gay, I will hast-en a-way, While the sun is shin-ing o'er me; To the pleas-ant rule of my
2. Blessed the day, that without de-lay, All my young companions meet-ing, And my teachers kind there I

D. C. Hap-py and gay, I will hast-en a-way, While the sun is shin-ing o'er me; To the pleas-ant rule, &c.

End. CHORUS.

Sunday-school, And the du-ties set be-fore me. I'll glad-ly sing of God my King, Who loves me up in
al-ways find; Oh, I dear-ly love their greet-ing. I'll glad-ly sing of God my King, Who loves me up, &c.

hea-ven; Who kind-ly sends me lov-ing friends, And the dear-est blessings giv-en. Then *D. C.*

3. Pleasant the rays of the sweet Sabbath days,
That will soon be gone forever;
O my Sabbath-school, my dear Sabbath-school,
I can ne'er forget thee, never.
I'll gladly sing, &c.

4. Dear heavenly home, soon the time will come,
That the world no more enthralls me;
Then I'll mind thy rule, blessed Sabbath-school,
And await till my Saviour calls me.
I'll gladly sing, &c.

"My Pilgrim Way."

Gently. 17—*Four to each measure.*

1. Je - sus, while this rough and des-ert soil I tread, be thou my guide and stay; Nerve me for conflict and for all the toil; Uphold me on my pilgrim way. My pil-grim way, My pilgrim way, Uphold me on my pilgrim way. way, My pil-grim way, My pil-grim way, Up-hold me on my pil-grim way. way.

A little more spirited.

1st *time.* 2d *time.*

2. Jesus, here in heaviness and fear,
'Mid cloud, and shade, and gloom I stray;
For earth's last night is drawing very near;
Oh, cheer me on my pilgrim way!
My pilgrim way, &c.

3. Jesus, while in solitude and grief,
The sun and stars withhold their ray,
O come, O quickly come to my relief!
Oh, light me on my pilgrim way!
My pilgrim way, &c.

Loudest Songs.

"WHEN THE SIX DAYS' WORK IS O'ER AND DONE" ✱

22—*Two to each measure.*

1. When the six days' work is o er and done, And the soft light shines of the Sabbath sun, Gladly
2. Though our homes are bright, with cheerful heart We can say good-bye as we gen - tly part, With our

then we haste with mer - ry feet To the Sun - day school and its calm re - treat.
pa - rents dear, and haste a - way To the Sun - day school where we love to stay.

FULL CHORUS.

Oh, we love, we love, we love our dear Sun-day school, 'Tis a hap - py place, 'Tis a

f

blessed place. Loudest songs, yes, loudest songs of joy we raise For our blessed Sunday school.

3. On our heavenly way, so green and fair
We are kindly led by our teachers there,
And we read with them the page of truth,
'Tis the light of age and the guide of youth.
Oh, we love, &c.

4. Oh, then urge them in—the wan, the wild,
Yes, the poor, the wayward, the erring child,—
For our doors are open for one and all,
There's a welcome for each in our Sabbath hall.
Oh, we love, &c.

Words by Rev. EDWIN H. NEVIN.

The Christian Hero.

"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT OF FAITH."—1 *Tim.* 6, 12.

16—*Two to each measure.*

1. Live on the field of bat-tle! Be earnest in the fight; Stand forth with manly courage, And struggle for the right.
2. Watch on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev-ery-where; His fi - ery darts fly thickly, Like lightning thro' the air.

FULL CHORUS. *Ending for last verse.*

Live on the field of battle! Live on the field of battle! Live on the field of battle! Live! live! live! *Glo-ry in view.*
Watch on the field of battle! Watch on the field of battle! Watch on the field of battle! Watch! watch! watch!

3. Pray on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray,
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray on the field of battle!
Pray, pray, pray!

4. Die on the field of battle!
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers—
Their record is on high.
Die on the field of battle!
Glory in view!

Poor Pilgrim.

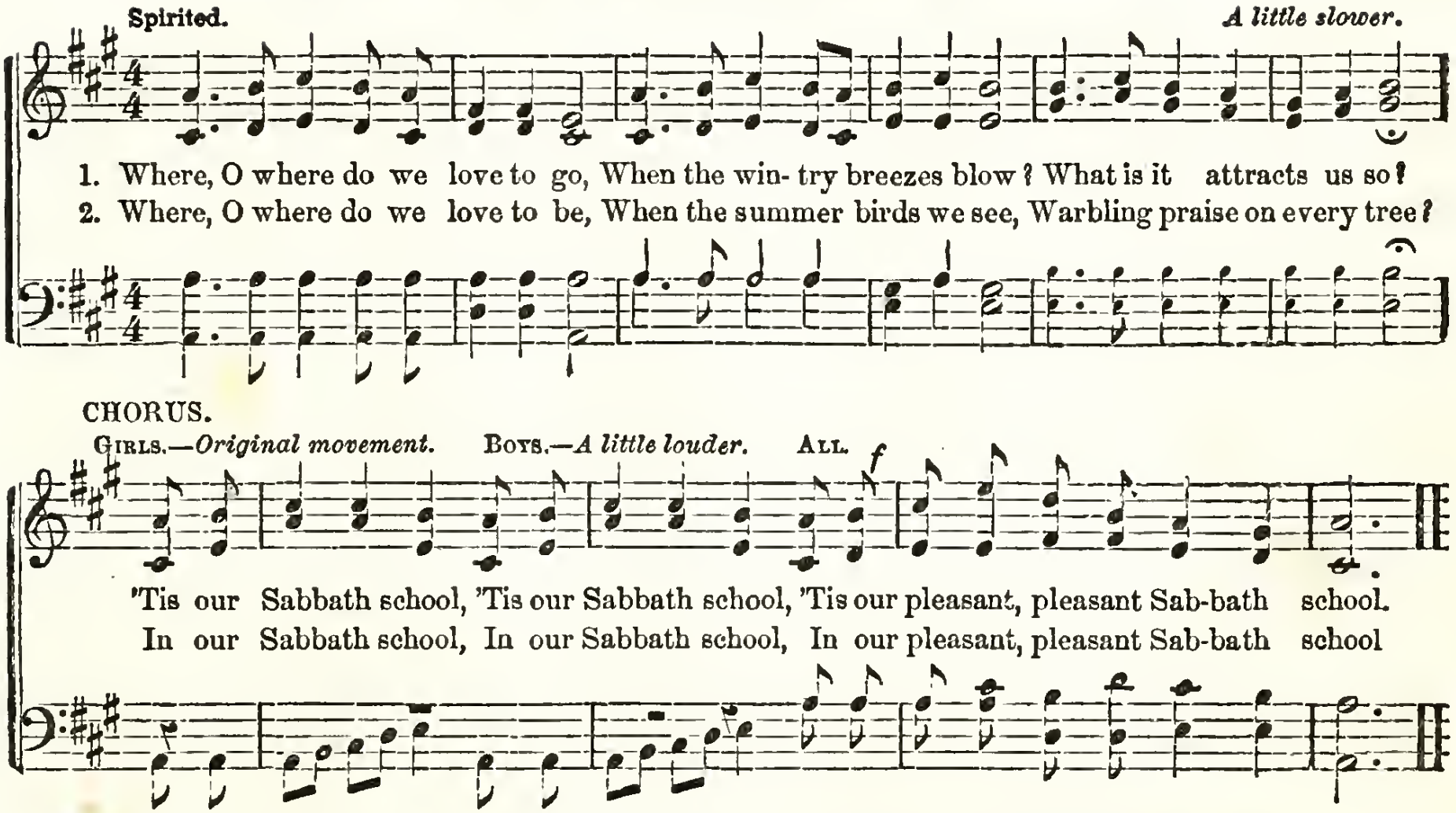
1. { Come, poor pil - grim, sad and wea - ry, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming this wide world so drea - ry,
{ There is rest for thee in glo - ry, A - mong the blest; List - en to the joy - ful sto ry,

Sigh- ing for rest. }
There, there is rest. } There is rest, sweet rest, There is rest, sweet rest, Where the wick-ed cease from

troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

2. There are those who've gone before us,
All who are blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest.
There the golden harps are ringing,
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest.—*Chorus.*

3. And, while we on earth are praying,
Jesus the blest
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest.
We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest:
And we'll safely dwell forever
In heavenly rest.—*Chorus.*



3. Where, oh where are we kindly taught,
Who should rule in every thought;
What the blood of Christ has bought!
In our Sabbath school, &c.

4. May we love this holy day;
Love to sing, and read and pray;
Find salvation's narrow way.
In our Sabbath school, &c.

Something to Do in Heaven.

Words by R. S. Taylor. Wm. B. Bradbury.

25—*Two to each measure.*

1. There'll be something in heaven for children to do, None are i - dle in that blessed land.

There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be th_ughts for the mind, And employment for each little hand.

FULL CHORUS.

There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for children to do...

On the bright shining shore, where there's joy evermore, There'll be something for children to do...

2. There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,
As they wander the green meadows o'er;
And they'll have for their teachers in that blest abode,
All the good that have gone there before.
There'll be something to do, &c.

3. There'll be errands of love from the mansions above,
To the dear ones that linger below;
And it may be our Father the children will send
To be angels of mercy in woe.
There'll be something to do, &c.

Oh! Make Me Thine.

T. F. Seward.

In chanting style.

1. My fa - ther I would be thy child, I know I'm sin - ful way - ward, wild;
2. With patience I the race have run, Not look- ing back when once be - gun,

To thee I would be re - con - ciled, Oh! make me, Oh! make me thine.
And seek sal - va - tion through thy Son, And make me, Oh! make me thine.

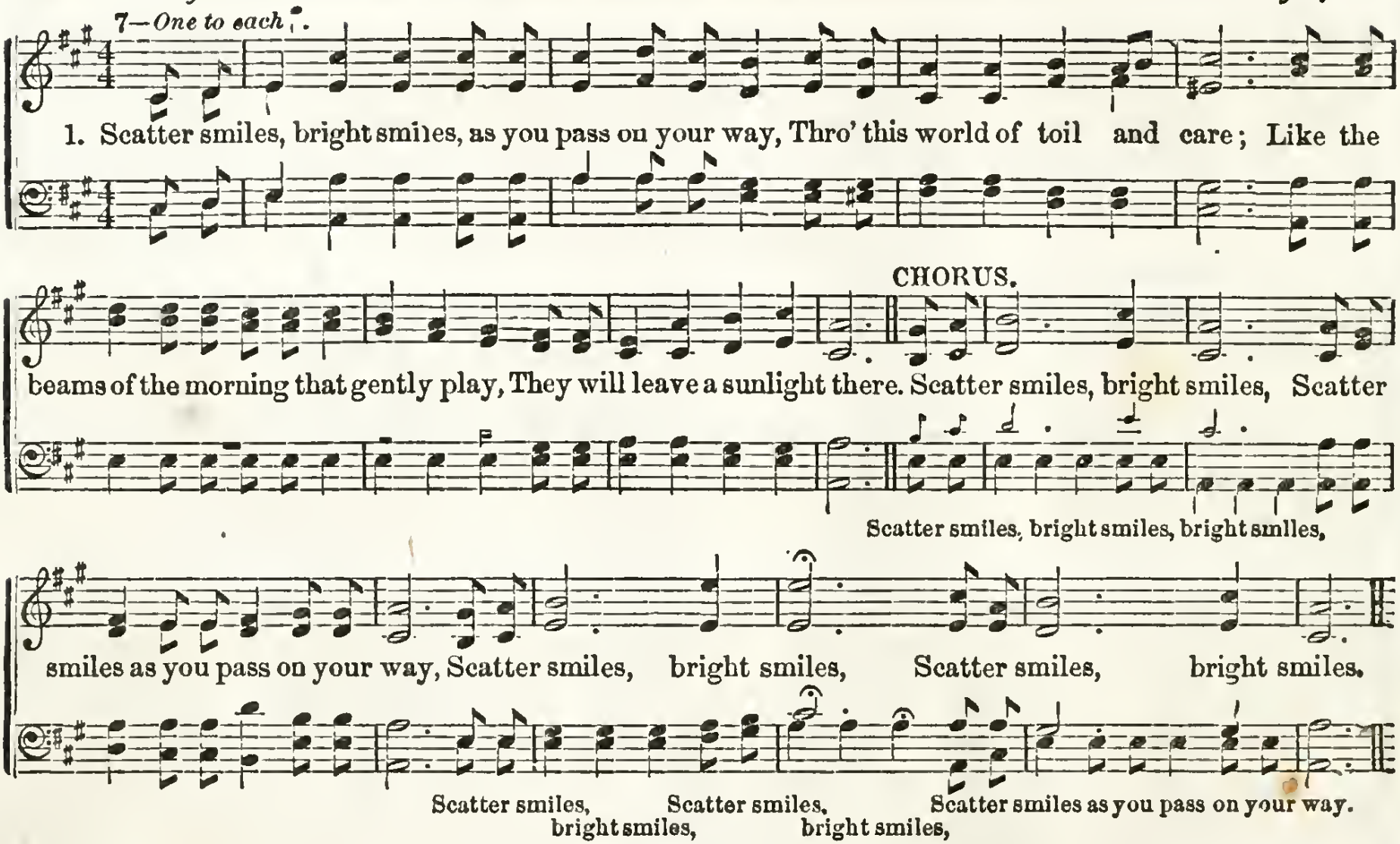
3. The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

4. Make me to love thee more and more,
Thy holy spirit on me pour;
Grant me of grace a plenteous store,
Oh! make me, oh! make me thine.

Words by R. S. T.

Scatter Smiles as You Go.

Music by ✻


7—One to each ♩.
1. Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way, Thro' this world of toil and care; Like the
beams of the morning that gently play, They will leave a sunlight there.
CHORUS.
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, bright smiles,
smiles as you pass on your way, Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles, bright smiles.
Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles as you pass on your way.

2.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but little they cost;
But your heart may never know
What a joy they may carry to weary ones
Who are pale with want and woe.—*Chorus.*

3.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the grave of the past,
Where the orphan's treasure lies:
In the tear-drop that glistens there light will shine,
As the rainbow paints the skies.—*Chorus.*

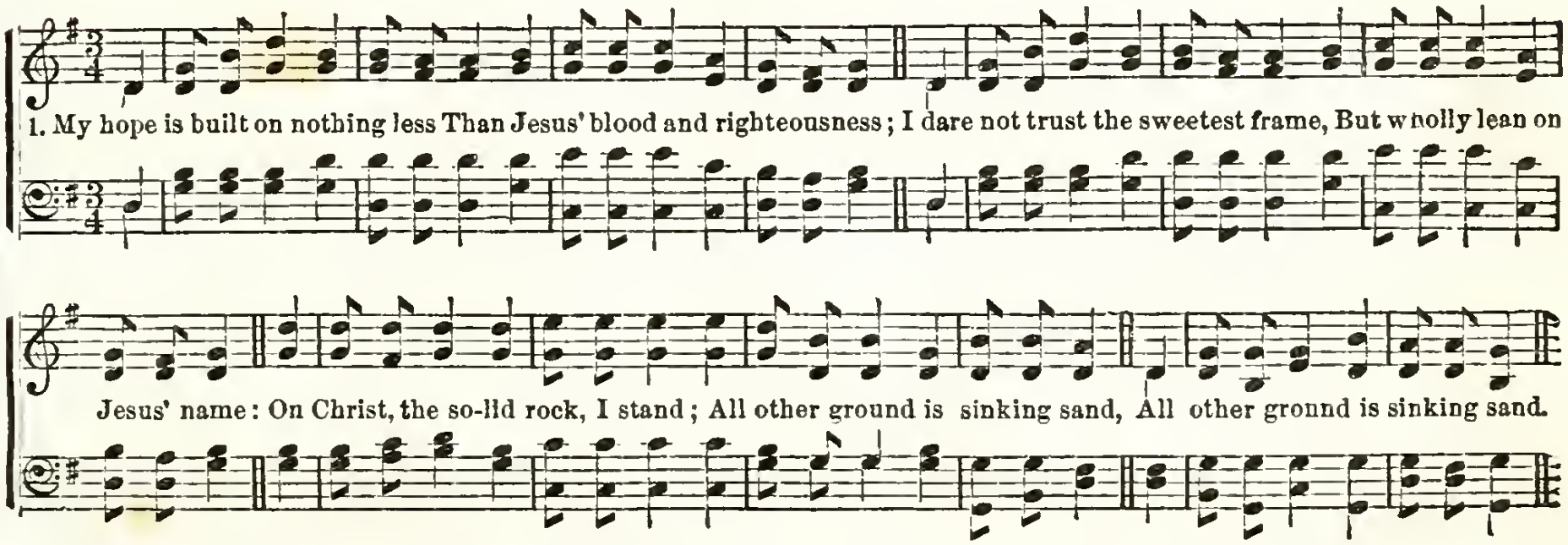
4.

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the young who have strayed,
From the path where once they trod;
You may lead to the fountain of truth again,
You may bring them home to God.—*Chorus.*

5

Scatter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way
Through this world of toil and care;
Like the beams of the morning that gently play,
They will leave a sunlight there.—*Chorus.*

The Solid Rock. L. M. 6 lines.

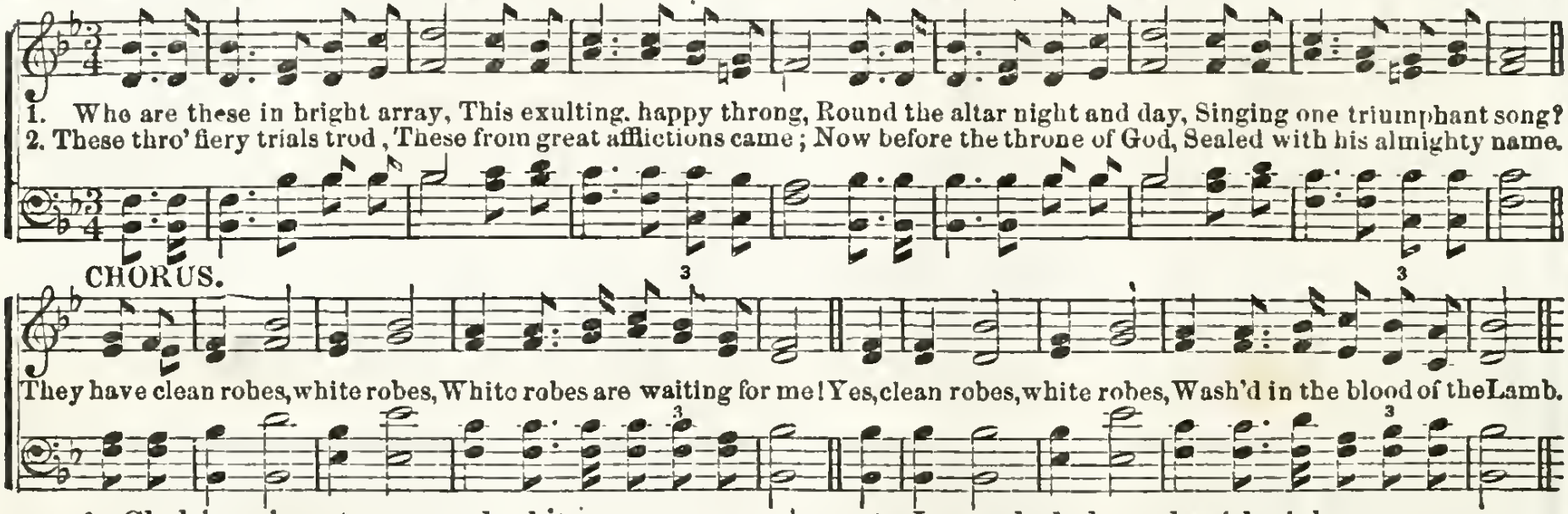


2. When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3. His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

White Robes.

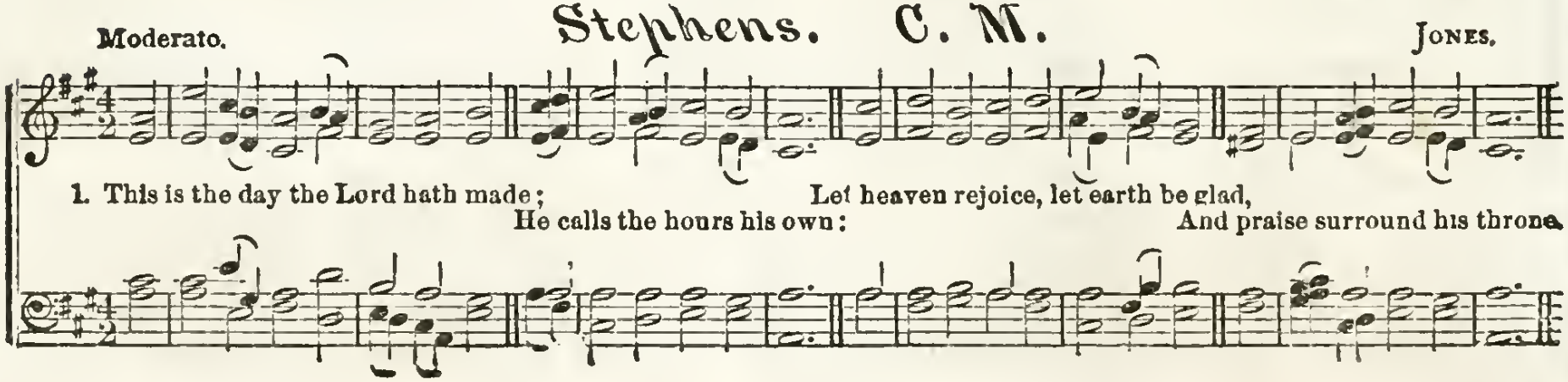
"AND LO, A GREAT MULTITUDE, WHICH NO MAN COULD NUMBER, OF ALL NATIONS, AND KINDREDS, AND PEOPLE, AND TONGUES STOOD BEFORE THE THRONE, AND BEFORE THE LAMB, CLOTHED WITH WHITE ROBES, AND PALMS IN THEIR HANDS."—*Rev.* vii. 9.



3. Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
They have clean robes, &c.

4. Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
They have clean robes, &c.

Stephens. C. M.



2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

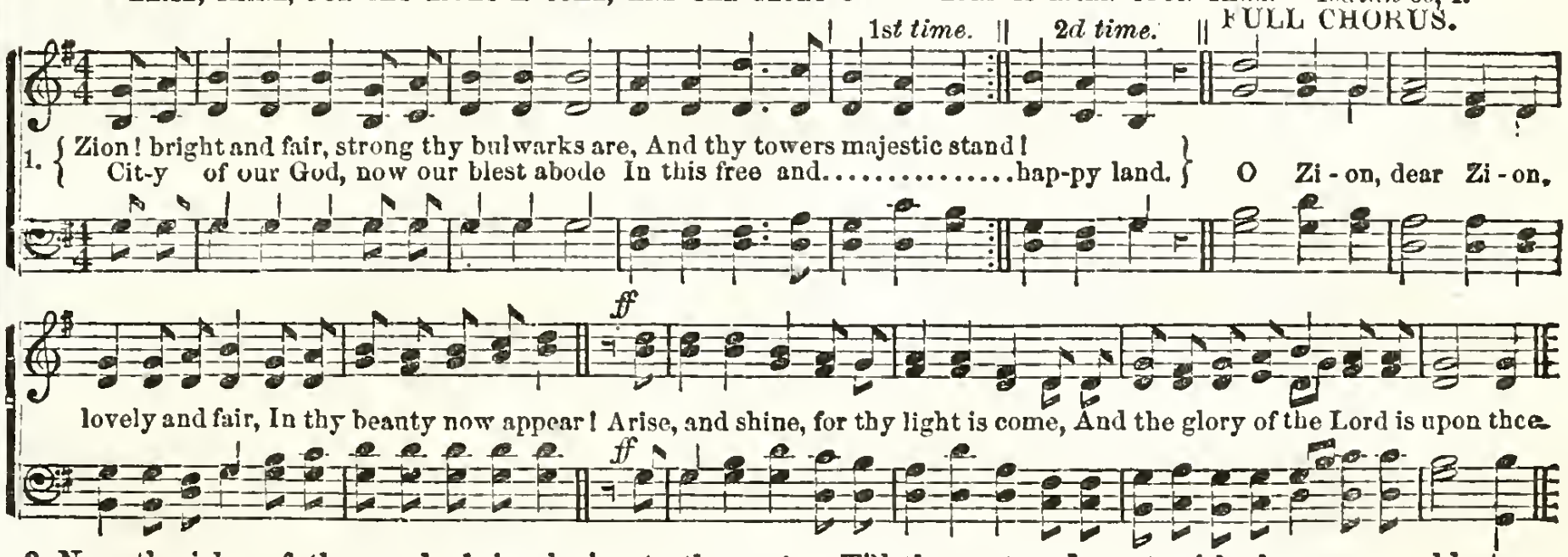
3. Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Lovely Zion.

"ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT IS COME, AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE."—*Isaiah* 60, 1.



2. Now the isles of the sea look imploring to thee
For the gospel's joyful sound!
And from heathen lands millions stretch their hands
For the Word which you have found.—*Chorus.*

3. Let the Word go forth to the south and north,
And thy light be seen afar,
Till the east and west with the rays are blest
Of the bright and morning star.—*Chorus.*

4. Then the heavenly strain shall be heard again,
As it once o'er Judah ran;
And all nations join in the song divine—
Peace on earth, good will to man.—*Chorus.*

"Bring in the Lambs." L. M. with Chorus.

22—*Three to each measure.*

CHORUS.

1. Welcome, kind friends and teachers dear, Ye who have toiled from year to year,
To lead us up the heavenly way, And teach us how to watch and pray.

Bring in the lambs, the tender lambs,
Bring in the lambs, O bring them,
bring them in to Je-sus' fold. Bring in the lambs, the ten-der lambs, O bring them, bring them in to Jesus' fold.

2. "Soon ye shall reap if ye faint not;"
(O, let that truth be ne'er forgot;)
"Wait on the Lord,"—"your strength renew,"
"Be zealous," and be hopeful, too.—*Cho.*

3. Bring in the lambs, while yet ye may,
Ere Satan claims them for his prey:
So "ye shall shine as stars of light,"
In yonder heaven so fair and bright.—*Cho.*

4. High, high the heavenly rapture burns,
Whene'er a prodigal returns!
Strive, strive that rapture to prolong,
Till earth shall echo back the song!—*Cho.*

La Mira. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How happy is the youth who hears Instructions warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes His early, on-ly choice.

2. For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4. According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

The Lamb upon Calvary.

30—*Two to each measure.*

1. I saw One hanging on a tree In a-gonies and blood, Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
2. Sure never till my latest breath Can I forget that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Tho' not a word He spoke.

CHORUS.

O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, The Lamb upon Calvary, The Lamb that was slain and liveth again To in-tercede for me.

3. My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, &c.

4. A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."
O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, &c.

O, We are Volunteers.

From "The Silver Chime," by permission. GEO. F. ROOT.

Not too Fast. 7—*Four to each measure.*

1. O, we are volunteers in the ar- my of the Lord, Forming in - to line at our Captain's word;
2. The glo- ry of our flag is the emblem of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
3. Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev'-ry side,—En- vy, an- ger, hatred, with self and pride;
4. O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword, Glorious in the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;

We are under marching orders to take the battle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain, 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.
They are cruel, fierce and strong, ever ready to attack; We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore, And His people shall be blessed for evermore.

CHORUS.

Come and join the ar - my, the ar - my of the Lord, Je - sus is our Captaiu, we ral - ly at his word;

Sharp will be the con-flict with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

Jesus is Mine.

Words by H. Bonar. T. F. Seward.

15—*Four to each measure.*

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break eve-ry tender tie, Je - sus is mine;
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev-er stay, Je - sus is mine;

Dark is the wilderness, Earth has no resting-place, Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
Perishing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je- sus is mine.

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night,
   Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning light,
   Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,—
Jesus has satisfied,
   Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell mortality,
   Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
   Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome my Saviour's breast,
   Jesus is mine.

A Bright and Glorious Kingdom.

"JESUS ANSWERED, MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD."—*John* 18, 36.

18—*Two to each measure.* WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is a glorious kingdom, A kingdom bright and fair, And ma - ny lit-tle children Wait on the good King there.

CHORUS.

GIRLS. BOYS. ALL. GIRLS. BOYS. ALL.

Yes, children, children Are in that glo-ri-ous kingdom, That kingdom, That kingdom, That kingdom bright and fair.

2. O, in that glorious kingdom
Is built a throne of gold;
Its ornaments are jewels,
With riches all untold.
A kingdom, kingdom,
A bright and glorious kingdom,
A kingdom, a kingdom,
A kingdom bright and fair.

3. O, in that glorious kingdom,
And on that golden throne,
There reigns the blessed Saviour,
Those children are his own.
Yes, children, children,
Are in that glorious kingdom;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

4. And in that glorious kingdom,
Around the throne of gold,
Are throngs of children's angels,
Their numbers are untold.
Yes, angels—angels
Are in that glorious kingdom,
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

5. The children of that kingdom,
Around that glorious throne,
Have palms and crowns of victory,
And harps of sweetest tone.
All singing—singing
There in that glorious kingdom;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

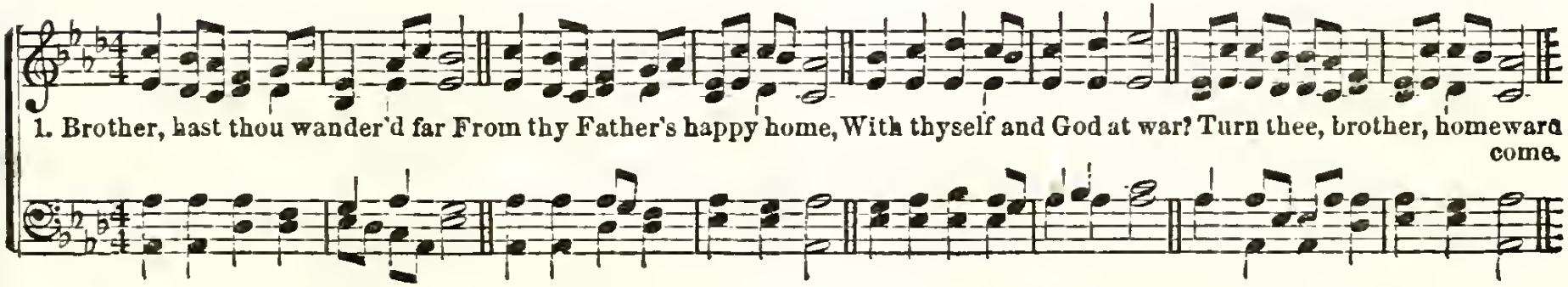
6. And now they lift their voices
In praises loud and sweet,
And cast their crowns of victory
Down at their Saviour's feet.
Of victory, victory,
Their crowns, their crowns of victory;
Of victory, of victory,
Their crowns at Jesus' feet.

7. Come, all who love that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair;
Come, give your hearts to Jesus,
And dwell forever there.
And praise him—praise him
Forever in that kingdom;
That kingdom, that kingdom,
That kingdom bright and fair.

Words written for this work by Rev. C. E. Knox, *Bloomfield, New Jersey.*

Fulton. 7s.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



2. Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squander'd life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3. He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found
Call upon him; he is near.

"I Am so Happy."

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.

14—*Two to each measure.* "IS ANY MERRY, LET HIM SING PSALMS."—*James* 5. 13.

1. SCHOLARS. I am so hap - py all day long, I can - not keep from singing; Glad words are ev - er on my tongue, And

CHORUS.

pleasant thoughts are springing. Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath school.

TEACHERS.

2. You love the cheerful hymns of praise
That tune our souls to gladness,
And while their choral notes we raise,
There is no time for sadness.
Children, children, This is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

3. Fly swift ye week-days, come and go,
And bring the holy morning;
I rise with pleasure all aglow,
To greet its earliest dawning.
Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, &c.

TEACHERS.

4. It is your gentle Shepherd's voice
That tells the pleasing story,
That makes your hearts in love rejoice,
And leads to life and glory.
Children, children, This is why you are so happy, &c.

SCHOLARS.

5. I love to hear the Sabbath bells,
That call me to my teachers;
Where kindness in each bosom dwells,
And lights their happy features.
Teacher, teacher, Tell me why I am so happy, &c.

* This piece may be sung by the school alone, omitting the stanzas for teachers, if preferred.—*Words written for this work.*

TEACHERS.

6. The Bible is the word of truth,—
A pure and priceless treasure;
O make it in the days of youth
The source of all your pleasure.
Children, children, This is why you are so happy,
Happy, happy, In our own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS.

7. Alas, for children far and near,
Who have no Sabbath teaching;
Will not some faithful guide appear,
With kindly hand outreaching?
Teacher, teacher, O 'twould make them all so happy,
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school.

TEACHERS (*while the Scholars sing the 9th stanza.*)

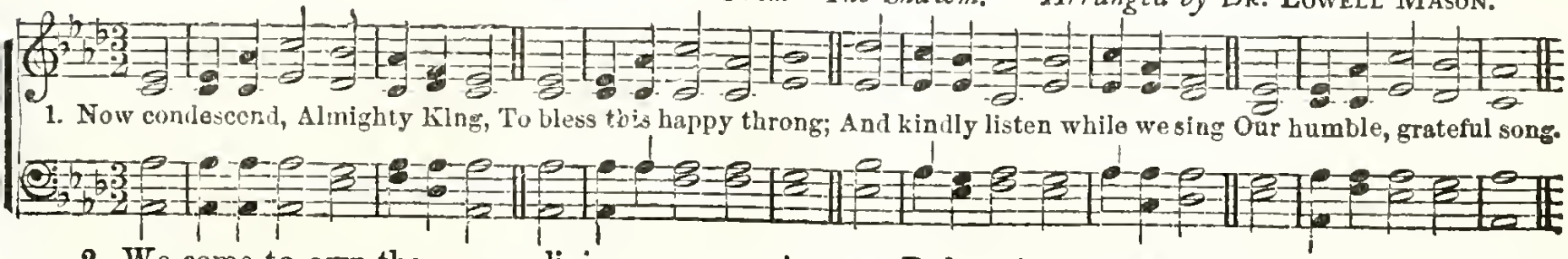
8. These heavenly blessings while you share
Your hearts with wisdom lighted,
Remember in your evening prayer
Poor children thus benighted.
God will hear you, He will make them good and happy,
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school.

SCHOLARS (*with Teachers singing 8th stanza.*)

9. These heavenly blessings while we share
Our hearts with wisdom lighted;
We will remember in our prayer
Poor children thus benighted.
God will hear us, He will make them good and happy,
Happy, happy, In their own dear Sabbath-school.

Evan. C. M.

From "The Shawm." *Arranged by* DR. LOWELL MASON.



2. We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our cheerful voices join
In hymns of grateful praise.

3. We come to learn thy holy word,
And ask thy tender care;
Before thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

3. May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way,
That leads to heaven and thee.

Joyful Evermore.

21—*Two to the measure*

"REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS, AND AGAIN I SAY REJOICE."—*Paul.*

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. { 1*st.* Thro' the world we're marching on, Joyful, joy - ful, joy - ful! Soon our Heav-en will be won,
2*d.* Night will soon be turn'd to day, Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful! God will wipe all tears a - way,

FULL CHORUS. 1st. 2d. REFRAIN.

Joy - ful ev - er- more!
Joy - ful ev - er - - - more! } O, the road is short and straight, Leading up to Zi - on's

2d.

gate, There our loved ones for us wait, Joy - ful, joy-ful ev - er- more, Joy-ful ev - er-more.

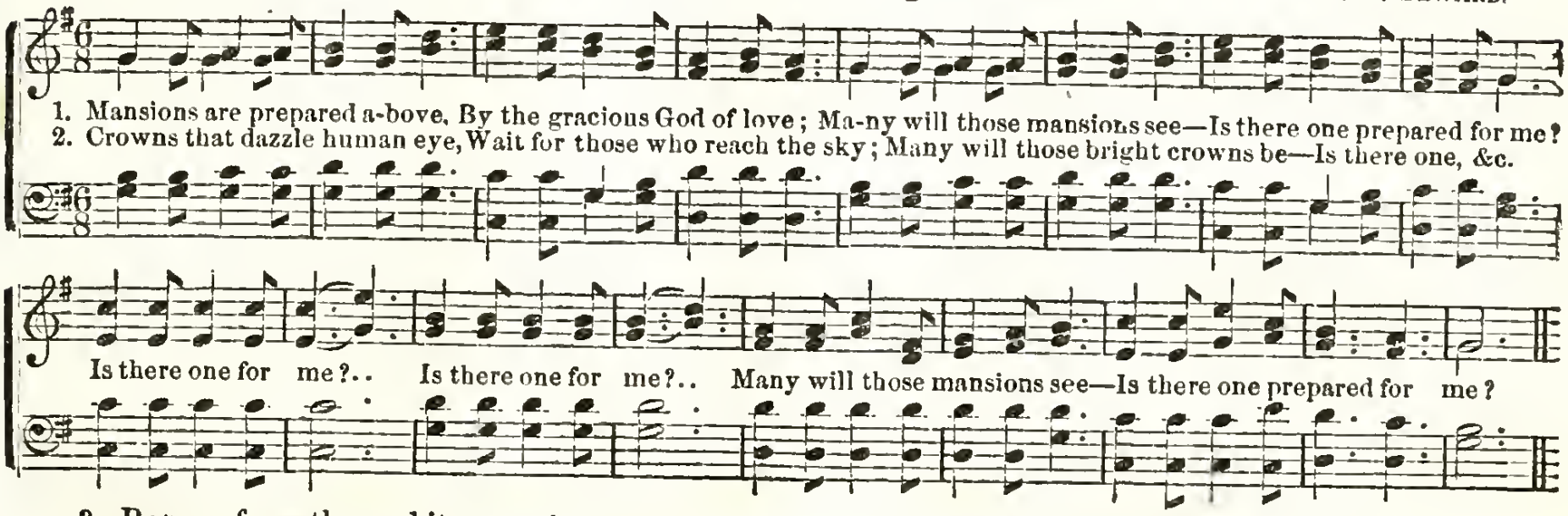
1st Semi-Chorus.—Tho' we here must bear the cross,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;
1st.—Counting earthly gain as loss,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.
2d.—When we lay life's burden down,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;
2d.—We shall take the promised crown,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.
Refrain.—O, the road is short, &c.

1st.—Now we look to Christ for aid,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;
1st.—None in vain to Him have prayed,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.
3d.—Let us place our trust in Him,
Chorus.—Joyful, joyful, joyful;
2d.—Never let our faith grow dim,
Chorus.—Joyful evermore.
Refrain.—O, the road is short, &c.

26—*Two to each measure.*

Is There One for Me?

THEO. F. SEWARD.



3. Robes of spotless white are given,
By the glorious King of Heaven;
All can have them, they are free,—
Is there one prepared for me?
Is there one for me? &c,

4. Harps of solemn sound above,
Swell loud praises to His love;
Oh! how sweet their sounds will be,—
Is there one prepared for me?
Is there one for me? &c.

Marching On!

Words by Rev. R. Lowry. SUNDAY SCHOOL BATTLE SONG. *Music by* Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;

Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, We are sol - diers of Zi - on prepared for the war.

End.

Marching on! marching on.

Marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the bat - tle - cry! Sound the bat- tle - cry! Marching on! Marching on! marching on!

on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Shout the vic - to- ry, the vic - to- ry, the vic - to - ry!

D. C.

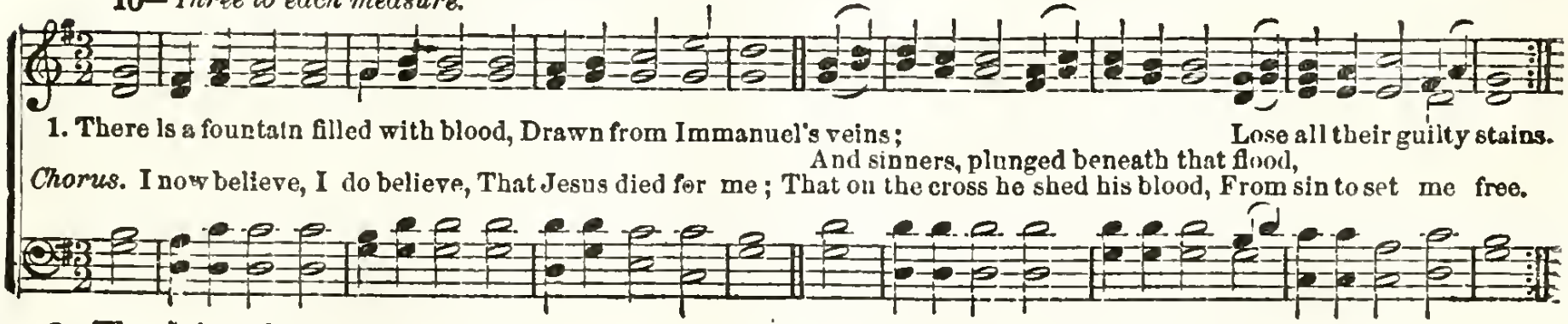
2.
Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle we go;
'Mid the cheering of angels, our ranks march away,
With our flags pointing ever right on tow'rds the foe
Marching on, &c.

3.
Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain, we draw ev'ry sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord
Marching on, &c.

4.
Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown
Marching on, &c.

"I Now Believe." C. M., with Chorus.

10—*Three to each measure.*



2. The dying chief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
Cho.—I now believe, I do believe, &c.

3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loss its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more,
I now believe, I do believe &c.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
I now believe, I do believe, &c.

5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
I now believe, I do believe, &c.

The Land of Promise.

Words written for this work. WM. B. BRADBURY.

7—One to each ♩.

CHORUS. *cres.*

1. { *Girls.* We are bound for the land of promise, Who will join our happy throng? } [sunny land forever;
{ *Boys.* We are bound for the land of promise, And our march will not be long. } We shall meet, no more to sever, In that

f

We are bound for the land of promise, Come and join our happy throng, We are bound for the land of promise, Come and join our happy throng.

f

2. Far away in the fields of glory
Saints and angels sweetly sing,
Far away in the fields of glory
Now their hallelujahs ring.—*Cho.*

3. When our hearts are oppressed and weary,
Jesus bids us watch and pray;
When our hearts are oppressed and weary,
He will cheer us on our way.—*Cho.*

4. Onward, then, to the land of promise,
Stay not in the vale below;
Onward haste to the land of promise,
Where the streams of pleasure flow.—*Cho.*

Out on the Ocean Sailing.

1. We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

Cho.—All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor,
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2. Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.—*Cho.*

3. Spread your sails, while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.—*Cho.*

4. When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermor.—*Cho.*

Response to "Jesus Paid it All."

The following hymn, by the Rev. E. P. Hammond, was first sung at a large Union Meeting of Children and Youth, in Rochester, N. Y., October 4th, 1863. As a response to that beautiful hymn, "Jesus paid it all," on page 12, it will be found very useful; for who that is truly converted, does not wish to be "doing something" for Jesus?

1. I have cast my "doing" down,
Yes, down at Jesus' feet;
Now I stand in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Something either great or small,
From love to Him I'll do

2. Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
Alone by simple faith;
Doing was a "deadly" thing,
It would have been my death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3. Legal works I've given o'er,
My Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before
Upon my senses pall.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4. Jesus once in anguish bled
Upon the cruel tree;
There He bowed His sacred head,
And suffered all for me.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

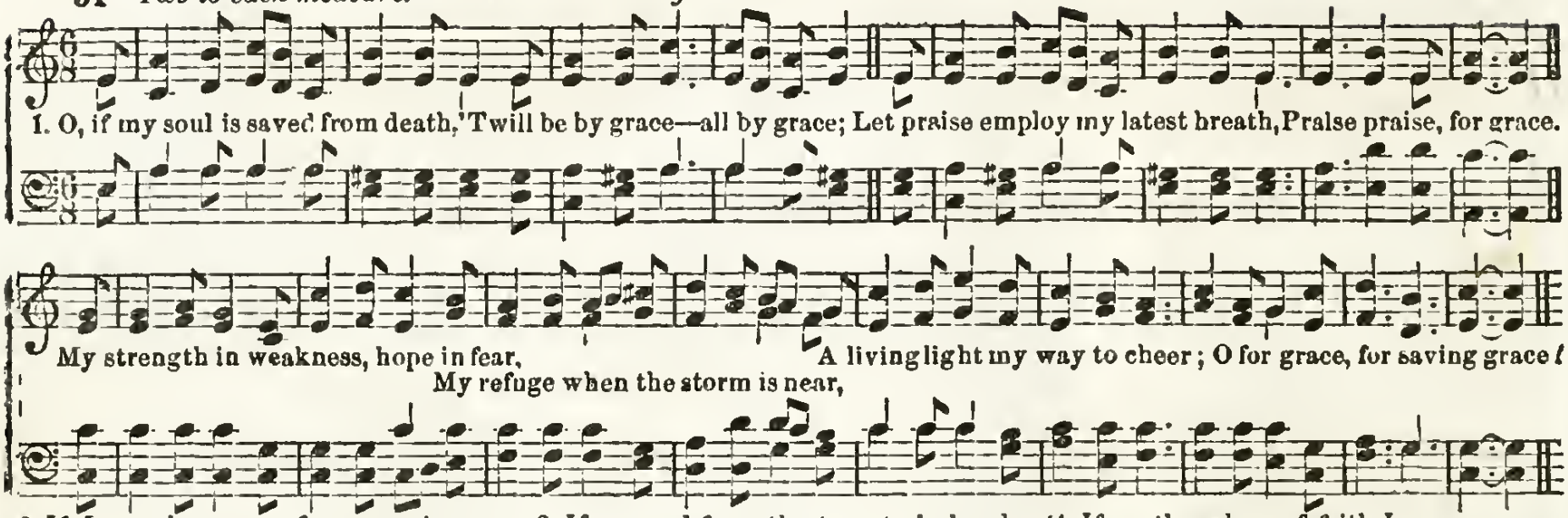
5. 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,
My sins that shed His blood,
Mine that pierced His bleeding side,
The blessed Son of God.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

6. All my life shall now be given
To Christ, my risen Lord;
Learning all the way to Heaven,
My duty in His Word.
Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Something either great or small,
From love to Him I'll do.

"All By Grace."

"BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED, AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES: IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD."

31—*Two to each measure.* *Words written for this work.*

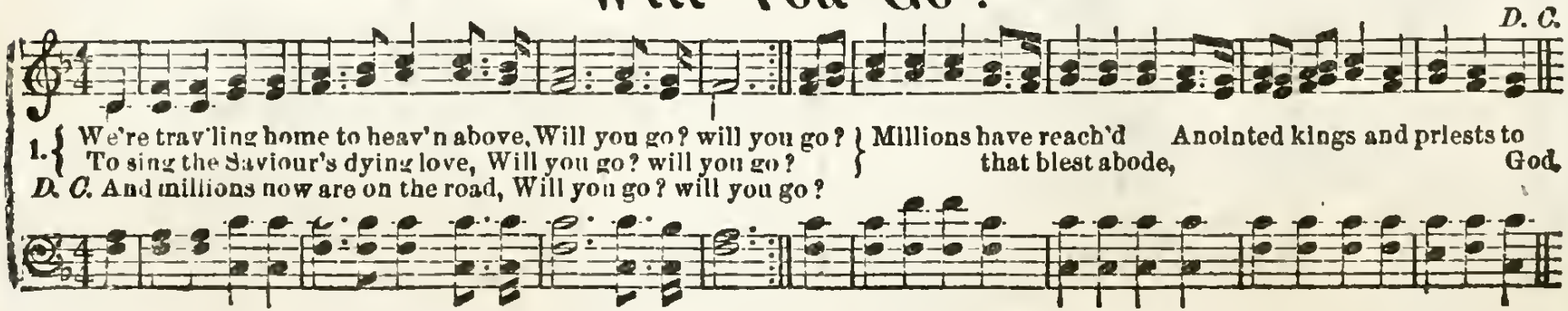


2. If Jesus cleanse me from my sin,
'Twill be by grace, all by grace;
If now I feel a peace within,
'Tis all by grace.
Be this my shield against despair,
My joy in every pain I bear;
Be this the burden of my prayer,
O for grace, for saving grace!

3. If rescued from the tempter's hand,
'Twill be by grace, all by grace;
If on the Christian's Rock I stand,
'Tis all by grace.
Not of myself, no work of mine
Can light the spark of love divine;
No, Saviour, no, the gift is thine,
O for grace, for saving grace!

4. If on the wings of faith I soar,
'Twill be by grace, all by grace;
Where sin and death are felt no more,
'Tis all by grace
O when my captive soul is free,
When life eternal opes for me,
That glorious theme my song shall be,
Saved by grace, yes, saved by grace.

Will You Go?



Will You go? Concluded.

2. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go? will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go? will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go? will you go?

3. Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go? will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go? will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
Will you go? will you go?

Come Thou Fount. (Nettleton.) 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work, by Wm. B. Bradbury.

18—*Three to each measure.*

CHORUS.

1. { Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune our hearts to grateful lays;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. } I love Je - sus, Hal-le - lu - jah,

I love Je - sus, yes, I do, I do love Je - sus, he's my Sav - iour, Je - sus smiles, and loves me too.

2. Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptur'd saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.—*Chorus.*

3. Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.—*Chorus.*

4. Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel it;
Prove to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.—*Chorus.*

Peaceful Rest.

1. Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease, From earthly cares in
2. Go to thy peaceful rest, For thee we need not weep, Since thou art now among the blest, No more by sin and

in peace,
thy rest,
and while

sweet release. Thine eyelids gently close, Thine eyelids gently close.
sorrow pressed, But hush'd in quiet sleep, But hush'd in quiet sleep.

gently close
hush'd in sleep,

3.

Go to thy rest, and whil
Thy absence we deplore,
One thought our sorrow shall beguile—
For soon with a celestial smile,
We meet to part no more,
We meet to part no more.

Death of a Scholar. 8s & 7s.

Andante. Dr. L. Mason.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze; Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber, Peaceful in the grave so low; Thou no more wilt join our number, Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hast bereft us;
He can still our sorrow heal.

4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then, in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

"Even Me."

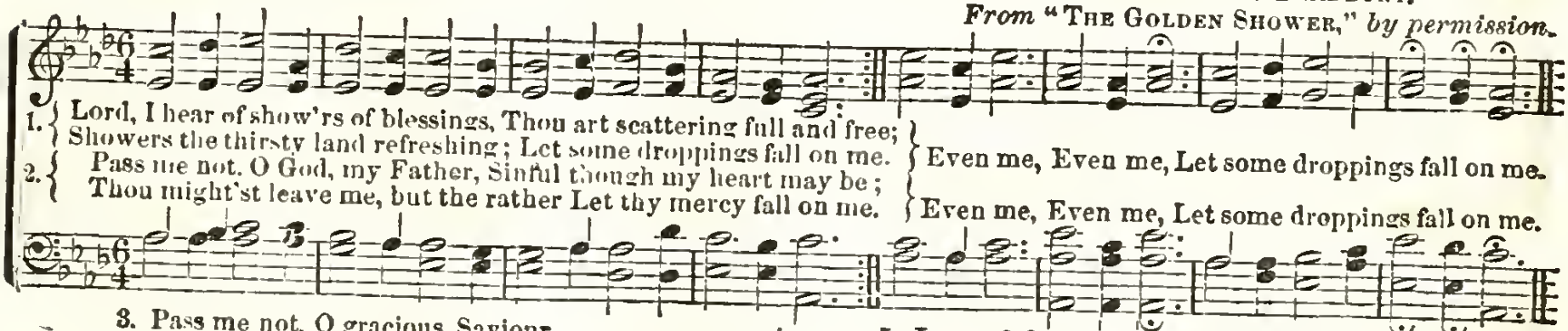
Such testimony as the following, has induced the reprint of this beautiful hymn:

"Thank you for singing that hymn, 'EVEN ME,' for it was the singing of that hymn that has saved me. * * * * When they all sung those beautiful words, 'Let some droppings light on ME, and Blessing others, O bless me. Even me,' it seemed to reach my very soul. I thought Jesus can accept 'me, Even ME,' and it brought me to his feet, and I feel my burden of sin removed. Jesus has accepted ME, EVEN ME. Can you wonder that I love those words, or love to hear them sung? Ah! may I too sing them, when He shall take me before his throne at the last, and accept EVEN ME. Yours truly,

A CONVERT."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

From "THE GOLDEN SHOWER," *by permission.*



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me.
2. Pass me not, O God, my Father, Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let thy mercy fall on me.

Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on me.

Even me, Even me, Let some droppings fall on me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Let me live and cling to thee:
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless:
Blood of Christ so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—
Even me.

6. Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O, bless me,—
Even me.

All Hail! the Power of Jesus' Name.

Tune,—CORONATION.

1. All hail! the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

Beautiful Land of Rest.

Music by R. Lowry.

DUET. CHORUS. DUET.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for ev - er bright,—Beauti - ful land of rest, No win - ter there, nor chill of night,—

CHORUS.

Beau- ti - ful land of rest! The drip - ping cloud is chased a - way, The sun breaks forth in

end- less day,—Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, The beau- ti - ful land of rest. Beau-ti - ful land,

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful land, Beauti - ful land of rest, Beauti - ful land, Beauti- ful land, Beauti - ful land of rest.

2. Jerusalem, for ever free.—
Beautiful land of rest!
The soul's sweet home of Liberty,—
Beautiful land of rest!
The gyves of sin, the chains of woe,
The ransomed there will never know.
Jerusalem, &c.

3. Jerusalem, for ever dear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
Thy pearly gates almost appear,—
Beautiful land of rest!
And when we tread thy lovely shore,
We'll sing the song we've sung before,—
Jerusalem, &c.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT. HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES; HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS."

21—*Four to each measure.*

1. He lead - eth me! O, blessed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er

REFRAIN.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By
troubled sea— Still 'tis his hand that lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! &c.

his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

4. And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

 Words by KATE CAMERON.

The Morning Land.

8—*One to each measure.*

1. { The night will cast no sha - dow Up-on the morning land, The dark clouds ne'er will gather A
{ And there the sound of weeping Shall never-more be heard: With sorrow and with sigh - ing Our

CHORUS.

bove the golden strand; }
hearts no more be stirred. { The morning land, the morning land, How blessed 'twill be there to stand, And

greet the glance, and clasp the hand Of those who've gone before, Of those who've gone before, Gone to

heaven's shin-ing shore, To the morning land, To the morning land, Where we shall part no more.

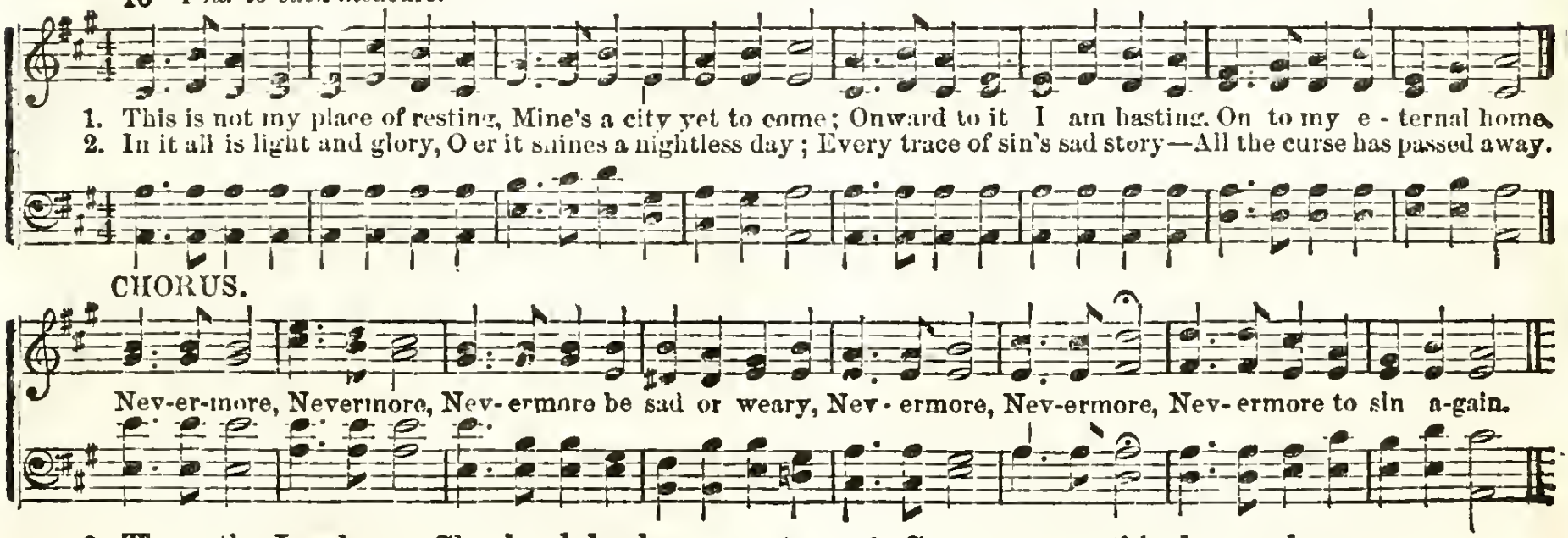
2. We mourn earth's faded blossoms,
But *there* bright flowers will bloom,
Beyond the grave's cold portal,
Beyond the silent tomb.
Fairer than early Eden,
Fairer than aught below,
Will be that land of morning,
The home to which we go.
Cho.—The morning land, &c.

3. Our days are swiftly gliding,
Fraught with both good and ill;
But though life's draught seems bitter,
We'll trust the Giver still.
By faith we will look forward,
Till joyfully we stand
Beside the loved and loving,
In God's own morning land.
Cho.—The morning land, &c.

Nevermore be Sad or Weary.

Words by Bonar. Theo. F. Seward.

10—*Four to each measure.*



3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feed us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Nevermore, &c.

4. Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore to sin again.
Nevermore, &c.

The Angelic Host. 8s & 7s.

23—*Three to each measure.*

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi- ces, Sweetly sound - ing thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel - ic host re-

Hark! what mean those holy voi-ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angel-ic host re-

- joi - ces; Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise, Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them

Hear them tell

chant their hymns of joy, "Glo- ry in the highest—glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!"

Hear them chant

FOR CHRISTMAS OR OTHER FESTIVALS.

2. Peace on earth—good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
"Soul's redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3. Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high.

Jesus our Pilot.

"And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."—*Mark* iv, 39.

Words by Kate Cameron.

16—*Two to each measure.*

1. Je-sus is our Pi-lot,— No one else can guide Our frail bark in safety, O'er life's stormy tide.
2. Je-sus is our Pi-lot,— Leaning on His arm, We are safe from danger, Safe from fear and harm.
3. Je-sus is our Pi-lot,—Well he knows the way, From these earthly shadows, To the realms of day.

When the waves of trouble Baf-fle hu-man skill, He can always calm them With His "Peace, be still!"
In His strong protection Let us ev-er rest; Refuge from all sorrow On His faith-ful breast.
He can find that harbor, Others seek in vain, Where as Lord of glo-ry, Ev-er-more He'll reign.

FULL CHORUS.

f

Je-sus is our Pi-lot—Guided by his hand, We shall reach the Haven, On the gold-en strand.

f

A Light in the Window. Song & Chorus.

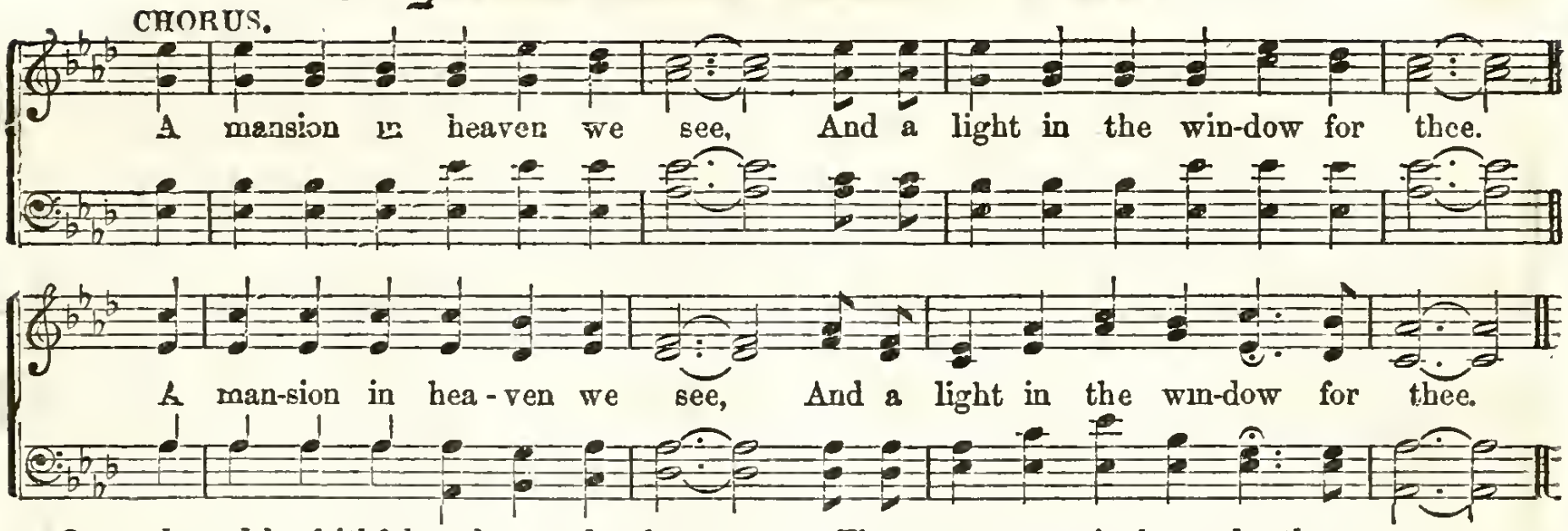
The following interesting incident has given rise to the beautiful song, "A Light in the Window."

A boy, at the age of twelve years, worked out by the day to support a widowed mother, carrying home his earnings at night. "One night," he says, "it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home until late: my mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but she quickly aroused when she heard my voice, and soon met me at the door, with a warm kiss, and warmer tears, and a 'God bless you, my dear boy.' As she received my bundle, she exclaimed, 'After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you;' and, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared, and O, how it cheered my heart ever after for years. Health failing me, I left home, (after my brothers could help mother,) and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean, my mother died; but just before she expired, she said to those around her, 'O give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy. Tell him I have gone to Heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him."

SOLO, *or a few voices.* WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee;
2. There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother, When from toil and from care you are free;

A dear one has moved to the mansions a-bove, There's a light in the win-dow for thee
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the win-dow for thee.



3. O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Tho' afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

4. Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
A mansion in heaven we see, &c.

ANSWER TO "A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW."

1. O, the moonlight is dreary and cold, mother,
As it looks in the eye of the sea;
The waves are asleep in the arms of the deep,
And my spirit is pining for thee.
Chorus.—Thou art gone, and I soon shall be there,
In thy crown of rejoicing to share;
I hear thy soft whisper again,
And thy "light in the window" I see.

2. I am far from the home of my youth, mother,
I'm alone on the wide-rolling sea;
I cannot forget thy sweet lessons of truth,
Oh, my spirit is pining for thee.—*Chorus.*

3. I remember the spot where I played, mother,
When a child, in my innocent glee;
The church where it stood at the end of the glade,
And the prayer that I lisped at thy knee.—*Cho.*

4. I am watchworn and weary to-night, mother,
In my bark on the wide-rolling sea;
I know there's a rest in the heaven above,
Oh, my spirit is pining for thee.—*Chorus.*

"A Cry from Macedonia."*

"COME OVER INTO MACEDONIA AND HELP US."—*Acts* 16: 9.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

10—*Three to each measure.*

1. { There's a cry from Mace-do-nia—Come and help us; The light of the gos- pel bring, O come! Let us
O ye heralds of the cross be up and do - ing Re-mem-ber the great command, Away! Go ye

End. CHORUS.

hear the joy - ful ti-dings of sal - va - tion, We thirst for the liv - ing spring. }
forth and preach the word to ev - 'ry crea - ture, Proclaim it in ev - 'ry land. } They shall

End.

gather from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the pa - tri - archs of old, And the

D. C. in full Chorus.

ransom'd shall re-turn To the kingdoms of the blest With their harps and crowns of gold.

D. C.

* Music from Bradbury's new rallying song, "A Sound among the Forest Trees," just published at 425 Broome St., one block east of Broadway and for sale at Music stores generally.

2. O how beautiful their feet upon the mountains
The tidings of peace who bring, *Who bring*
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,
And tell them of Zion's king;
Then ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,
Go work in your master's field, Away!
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Let the distant isles be glad,
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,
And the news of pardon free,
Till the knowledge of the truth
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea.
There's a cry from Macedonia, &c.

3. Ye have listed in the army of the faithful
Like heroes the battle fight, Away!
There are foes on every hand that will assail you,
Then gird on your armour bright;
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you,
The sword of the spirit wield, Away!
Ye shall conquer through his mercy who hath loved you,
The Lord is your strength and shield.
Ye are marching to the land
Where the saints in glory stand,
And the just for joy shall sing,
Ye by faith may bring it nigh;
Ye shall reach it bye and bye,
And your shouts of triumph ring.
There's a cry from Macedonia, &c.

* *Words written for this work.*

Victory at Last.

We've joined the glorious Army,
Who march to Zion's Hill,
And our Saviour is our Captain,
And he'll protect us still.
And tho' the conflict rages,
We know 'twill soon be passed,
For every soldier of the cross
There's victory at last.
Cho. For there's victory at last, yes,
There's victory at last.
We'll shout and sing to God our King,
And praise him for the past.
O we'll praise him for the past, yes,
We'll praise him for the past.
For there's victory, victory, victory at last.

Our foe, the cruel tempter,
The world our battle-field,
While the Bible is our weapon,
And God our strength and shield,
Press onward, gallant heroes,
The war will soon be passed.
Then to every soldier of the cross
There's victory at last.
Cho. For there's victory at last, &c.

Our troops are bold and fearless,
And tho' our march be long,
O'er craggy rock and mountain,
We sing our battle-song.
Hosanna in the highest,
Our toil will soon be passed
Then to every soldier of the Cross
There's victory at last.
Cho. For there's victory at last, &c.

O joyful, joyful tidings,
Let every tear be dry,
For our army is advancing,
The promised land is nigh.
And when the war is over,
And every danger passed,
Then we'll sing with all the ransomed there.
Of victory at last, &c.

For Music See page 126.

Song of the Lilies.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—*Matt.* 6, 28–30.

Words by Rev. J. A. Collier, *Kingston, N. Y.*

1. Hark, the lilies whisper Tenderly and low, "In our grace and beauty See how fair we grow;" Thus our heavenly Father Cares for all be-low. The lilies of the field, The beautiful lilies of the field, Your Father cares for them, And shall he not care for you.

2. Hark, the roses speaking,
Telling all abroad
Their sweet, wondrous story,
Of the love of God,
In the Rose of Sharon,
Jesus Christ the Lord.
The roses how they bloom!
The beautiful roses, how they bloom!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall he not care for you?

3. Buttercups and daisies,
And the violets sweet,
Flowers of field and garden—
All their voices meet;
And their Maker's praises
To our souls repeat.
They sing their Maker's praise,
The beautiful flowers, how they sing!
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?

4. Let us, then, be trustful,
Doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble
Be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies,
See how fair they grow.
The lilies of the field,
The beautiful lilies of the field;
Your Father cares for them,
And shall He not care for you?

The Little Wanderer. L. M.

1 Jesus to thy dear arms I flee, I have no other help but thee; For thou dost suffer me to come, O take a little wand'rer home,

D. S. O take a little wand'rer home.

The Little Wanderer. Concluded.

2. Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
O take a little wanderer home.

3. Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;
O say my sins are all forgiven,
And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

5. And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
O be thou ever, ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home.

Children in Heaven. C. M.

From "THE CHAIN," *by permission.*

CHORUS.

1. Around the throne of God in heaven Ten thousand children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven, A ho- ly, hap-py band,
Singing glory, glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Singing glory, glory, glory, alle - lu-jah!

2.
What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?—*Cho.*

3.
Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Both in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.—*Cho.*

4.
On earth they sought the Saviour's grace
On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.—*Cho.*

The Penitent.

Tune, "Children in Heaven."

1. Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
Crying save me, save me!
Save me, blessed Saviour!
Crying save me, save me!
Save me, blessed Saviour!

2. If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.—*Chorus.*

3. But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.—*Chorus.*

4. Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive!
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.—*Chorus.*

Glory to God in the Highest!

ANIVERSARY ANTHEM.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

FULL CHORUS.

1. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high- est! Shall
2. Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high- est! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS *or* DUET.

be our song to - day; An - oth - er year's rich mer-cies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So
be our song to - day; The song that woke the glorious morn When Da-vid's great-er son was borne, Sung

FULL CHORUS.

let our loud-est voic - es raise Our An - ni - ver - sary song of praise. Glo - ry to God in the high - est!
by an heavenly host, and we Would join Ch'an-ge - lic com - pa - ny. Glo - ry to God in the high - est!

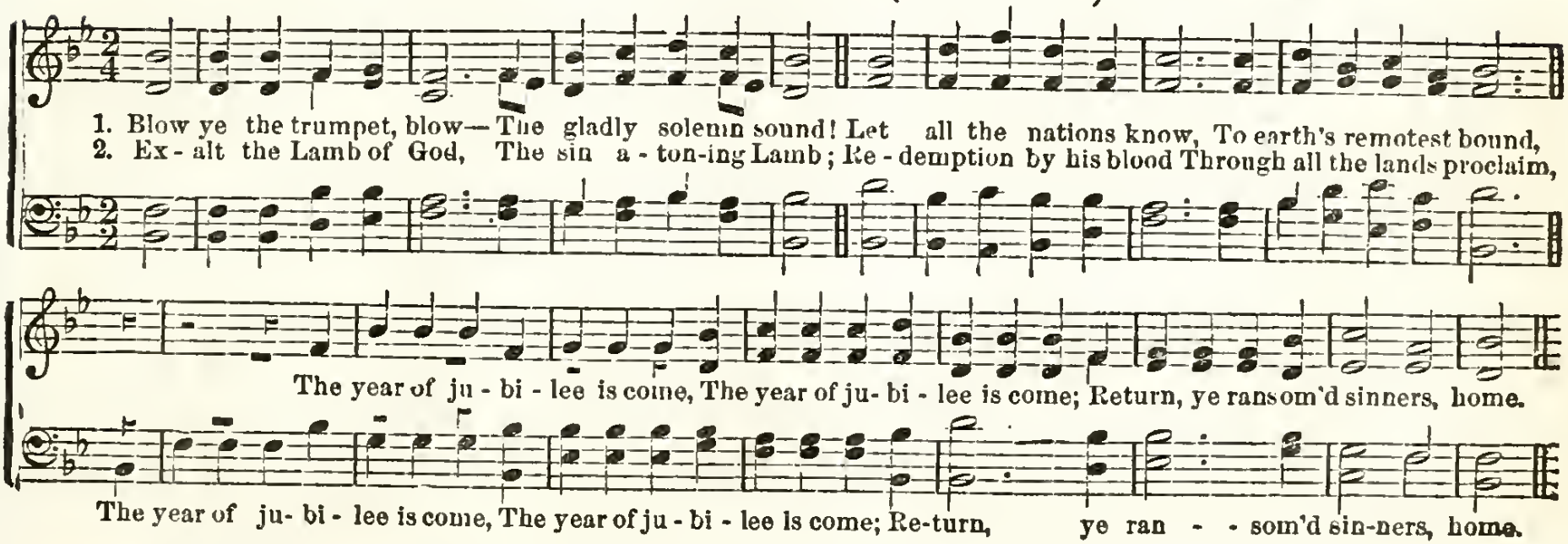
Glory to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!
Glory to God in the high-est! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high! God on high!

1st. 2nd.

3. Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day,
And while we with the angels sing;
Gifts, with the wise men, let us bring
Unto the Babe of Bethlehem,
And offer our young hearts to him.
Glory to God in the highest, &c.

4. Glory to God in the highest!
Shall be our song to-day.
O, may we, an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng
Of his redeemed ones, join the song,
Glory to God in the highest, &c.

The Year of Jubilee. (Lenox.) H. M.



3. The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

"To the Woods away.

—*Two to each measure.*

PIC-NIC SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. To the woods, to the woods away, To the woods, to the woods away. To the woods a - way, to the woods a-way, On
2. To the woods, to the woods away, To the woods, to the woods away. To the woods a - way, to the woods away! The

CHORUS.

this our fes - tal morning We'll shout and sing, till the fo-rests ring, So birds and bees take warning. Hur-rah, Hur
sun is shin-ing o'er us, The blossoms fair are waiting there, And the birds will join the cho-rus. Hur-rah, &c.

Hurrah,

- rah! { Hur-rah, hur- rah for the sha-dy dell, Hurrah for the rippling wa - ter! / We'll shout and sing, till the fo-rests ring, Each hap-py son and daughter. } To the woods a - To the woods

hur-rah!

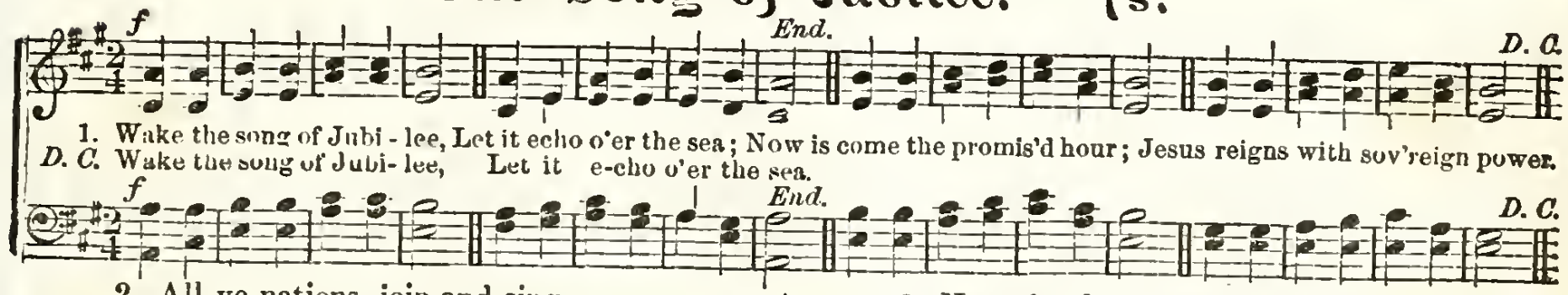
- way, To the woods a - way. *Repeat pianissimo, diminishing to the end, as if gradually retiring*

a-way, To the woods a - way, To the woods a-way, To the woods a- way, a -way, a - way, a - way.

3. To the woods away! to the woods away!
Now along the vale, over hill and dale,
The tender grass is growing;
The blue-bird's notes through the azure floats,
And dimpled brooks are flowing.
Hurrah! hurrah, &c.

4. To the woods away! to the woods away!
To the woods away! to the woods away!
On this our festal morning;
We'll shout and sing, till the forests ring,
So birds and bees take warning.
Hurrah! hurrah, &c.

The Song of Jubilee. 7s.



2. All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ, of lords and kings, is King;
Let it sound from shore io shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.
Wake the song, &c.

3. Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice—
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.
Wake the song, &c.

Holy Bible.

1. Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, &c.

2. Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Father's love;
Mine to guide my doutful feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, &c.

3. Mine to comfort in distress,
Mine to cheer, sustain, and bless;
Mine to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, &c.

4. Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to lead the spirit home.
O thou precious book divine,
Holy Bible, thou art mine.
D. C. Holy Bible, book divine, &c.

The True Patriot.

From THE CARROL.

SOLO, *or* SEMI-CHORUS. 10—*Two to each measure*

1. { I am a pa-triot true, Sir, Yes, I am, Yes, I am; I am a patriot, true sir, a
Each thought and word is loy - al, Yes, it is, Yes, it is; Each tho't and word is loy - al, My

Fine.

pa-triot firm and true,
theme is e - ver new. } My arm is strong, my heart is light, And I will stand up for the right, My

Fine.

D. C with full Chorus.

arm is strong, my heart is light, I'll stand up for the right: Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

D. C. with full Chorus.

2. I am a patriot true, Sir,
Yes, I am, yes, I am;
I am a patriot true, Sir,
Like those of SEVENTY-FIVE.
I love that patriot spirit,
Yes, I do, yes I do,
I love that patriot spirit,—
'Tis in my breast alive.
I will not shun the toil or care,
But for my country do or dare;
I will not shun the toil or care,
But bravely do or dare.

3. I love my country's cause, Sir,
Yes, I do, yes, I do;
I love my country's cause, Sir,
Her noble, sacred cause.
And I'll obey her laws, Sir,
Yes, I will, yes, I will;
And I'll obey her laws, Sir,
Her just and righteous laws.
Her Constitution I will prize,
So just and equal, good and wise,
Her Constitution I will prize,
So just, and good, and wise.

4. I am a patriot true, Sir,
Yes, I am, yes, I am;
I am a patriot true, Sir,
All ready for the strife.
My country's good is all, Sir,
Yes, it is, yes, it is;
My country's good is all, Sir,—
To me the breathe of life.
I'd pour the blood from every vein,
To leave her free from every stain,
I'd pour the blood from every vein,
To leave her free from stain.

17—*Three to each measure.* America. National Hymn. *Words by* F. S. SMITH.

Maestoso

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride,
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;

From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.

3.
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4.
Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Once more Our Youthful Throng.

Words written for this work.

DUET. 17—*Two to each measure.* *Arranged from the German for this work.*

1. Once more our youthful throng In sweetest union raise To God our choral song Of gratitude and praise.
2. From yon ler world of light Our Father bends His ear, With angels robed in white, Our grateful song to hear.

SEMI-CHORUS.

f When shall we join the ho- ly an - gels, Tun-ing their harps on yonder hap - py shore?
p When in the smiling fields of E - den, When shall we meet the loved ones gone be - fore?

FULL CHORUS. *ff* *Repeat Pianissimo.*

Hallelujah, sweetly singing, Thro' eternal a-ges ringing, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praises to the Lamb.

3. His eye that never sleeps,
With ever-watchful care,
His faithful children keeps
From each besetting snare.
When shall we join, &c.

4. Dear Saviour, may we rest
Our heart, our hopes on thee;
Reposing on thy breast,
From every danger free.
When shall we join, &c.

Moderato. 18—*Two to each measure.* DIALOGUE

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn?
Have the signs that mark its com-ing Yet up - on thy pathway shone? Pilgrim, yes! a - rise, look

round thee: Light is breaking in the skies;.... Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, a-rise, a - rise!

2. Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day
When the Jubal trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea,
And the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

3. Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom's very near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder,
Canaan's glorious heights arise,
Salem too appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

4. Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on His jasper throne,
Zion's king enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There on sun-lit hills and mountains,
Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

5. Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder, O how cheering
Bloom forever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air,
See the millions, hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

Praise the Lord.

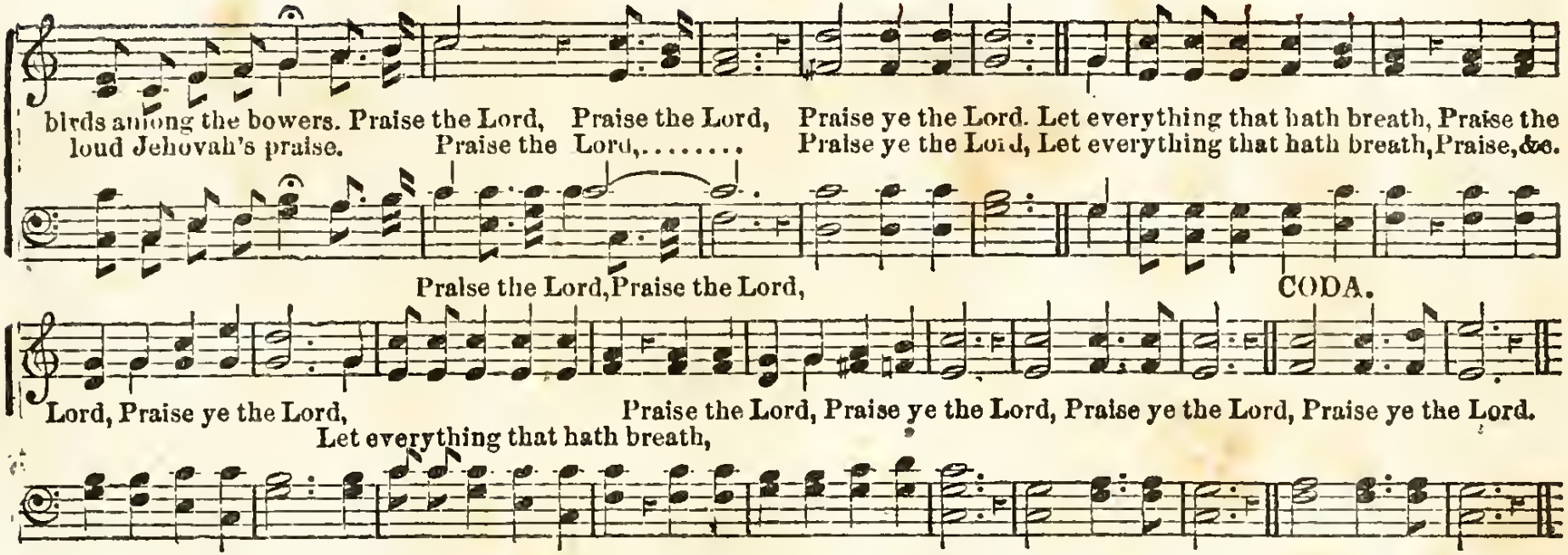
ANTHEM.

1. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord when blushing morning Wakes the flowers fresh with [dew;
2. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. O praise the Lord, and may his blessing Guide us in the way of truth;

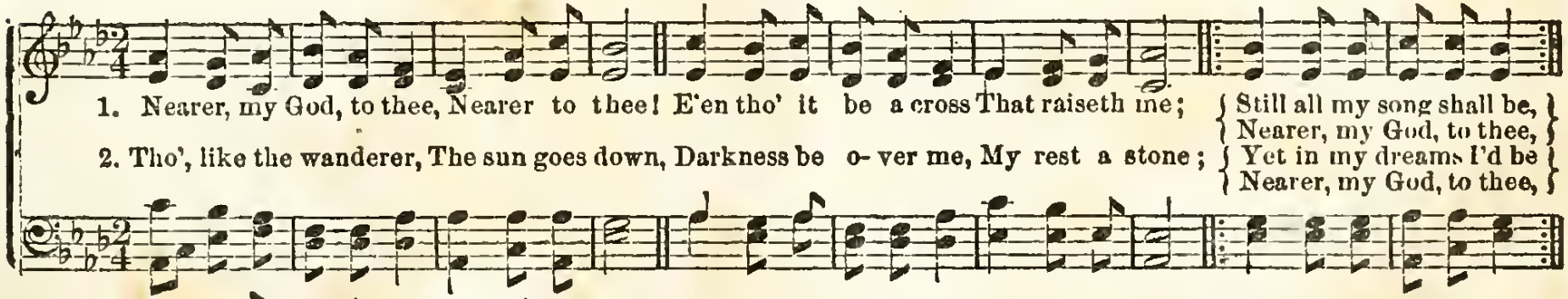
Praise the Lord,

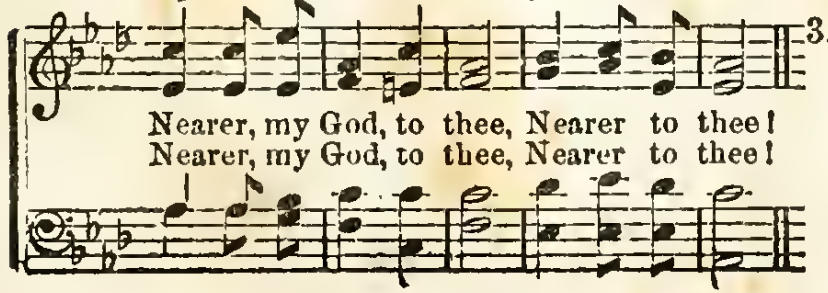
Praise him when revived creation Beams with beauty fair and new. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord when early
Keep our feet from paths of er-ror, Make us holy in our youth. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye hosts of

breezes Come so fragrant from the flowers. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, ye millions by the brookside. And ye
heaven, Ye angels sing your sweetest lays. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O utter forth his glo-ry, Sound a-



Nearer to Thee.





3. There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4. Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Victory at Last.

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder. A PROPHETIC SONG AND CHORUS. Wm. B. Bradbury.

15—*Four to each measure.*

1. { For many years we've waited To hail the day of peace, When our land should be united, And war and strife should cease;
And now that day approaches—The drums are beating fast, And all the boys are coming home, There's victory at last. }

FULL CHORUS.

There's vic - to - ry at last, boys, vic - to - ry at last; O'er land and sea Our flag is free; We'll nail it to the mast, Yes, we'll nail it to th mast, boys, Nail it to the mast, For there's vic-to- ry vic - to- ry, vic - to - ry at last.

2. The heroes who have gained it
And lived to see that day,
We will meet with flying banners
And honors on the way;
And all their sad privations
Shall to the winds be cast
For all the boys are coming home—
There is victory at last.
There is victory, &c.

3. O, happy wives and children
Light up your hearts and homes,
For see. with martial music
"The conquering hero comes,"
With flags and streamers flying,
While drums are beating fast;
For all the boys are coming home—
There is victory at last.
There is victory, &c.

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Fade, fade,
For many
Glory to G
Glory to th
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